

THE
MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Vol. XVIII.

SEPTEMBER, 1834.

No. 105.

CONTENTS.

	Page
I. SUNDAY LEGISLATION AND ITS OBSERVANCES.....	229
II. THE TWO LIONS, THE WOLF, AND THE SHEEP—A FABLE FOR THE LORDS.....	237
III. CONVERSATIONS WITH A SPANISH LIBERAL—No. II.—Romero Alpuente—Torreno—Palafox—Munoz—and the Queen Christina.....	238
IV. THE TWO THRUSHES—FROM THE SPANISH OF YRIARTE.....	343
V. VINES AND VINEYARDS.....	244
VI. ADVENTURES OF A NAVAL OFFICER IN THE TIME OF PEACE..	252
VII. THE BRITISH COLONIES.....	260
VIII. LESSONS FOR THE LITERATI—The Silkworm and the Spider —The Ant and the Flea—The Zoologist and the Weasel— The Great and the Small Bell	265
IX. NIGHTS IN THE GALLEY.—FOURTH YARN.....	269
X. THE PHANTOM LAND.—PART I.—BY KENRICK VAN WINKLE.	283
XII. THE "GOINGS ON" AT BRAMSBY-HALL	298
XIII. SYRIA ; Its Importance, as a Military Point d'Appui and Commercial Outlet, to Great Britain, and as a Line of Over- land Communication with India.....	296
XIV. THE BLACK CARIBS.—A TALE.....	303
XV. ST. CATHERINE'S HILL.....	316
XVI. CLAVIGO: A TRAGEDY ; FROM THE GERMAN OF GÖETHE.....	317
XVII. GREECE AND ROME.—A brief Comparison of the Influence of Greece and Rome on Civilization.....	327
XVIII. NOTES OF THE MONTH.—He who Runs may Read—A Short- Sighted Politician—Birds of a Feather—Saintly Sinners— Equity Equestrians—The Spirit of the Age—Extraordinary Amenity—The Bath Road—Barefaced Impudence— Orange Exterminators—Strayed Lambs.....	331
XIX. THINGS THEATRICAL.....	336
XX. MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE AND ART.....	338
XXI. NEW MUSIC	347
XXII. LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.....	ib.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY JAMES COCHRANE AND CO.

11, WATERLOO-PLACE, PALL-MALL.

THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

AN unfortunate individual, who has pictured to himself immortality by writing what he would fain believe to be a book, has been checked in his aspirations for want of a publisher willing to incur so *heavy* a responsibility. To revenge himself on the churls, he has in an evil hour set up for a wag; and with equal ill success; for his badinage appears as heavy as his book. The *advertiser* has been at considerable pains and outlay in sending round a printed circular, containing the following precious nonsense:—

“ADVERTISEMENT.

“LITERARY ASSISTANCE.—Gentlemen who may have manuscripts which they wish to publish, and are unacquainted with the trade of ‘book-making,’ are informed that they can have their works dressed up for the public *secundum artem*. If the matter should fall short in quantity, the Advertiser will add *common-places* to any amount required, and when the Authors’ meanings may be too clear, he will mystify them in a proper manner. The Advertiser guarantees *favourable Reviews* of such works as he ‘does for’ himself in ‘*some of the leading periodicals*’; the terms, of course, to be in proportion to the praise dealt out; but he cautions any party who may make an arrangement with him, not to publish any subsequent work unless he employ the Advertiser to ‘do’ for it on the usual terms, otherwise his work shall inevitably be ‘damned with faint praise’ in the journal which he caters for himself (to save consistency), and shall be effectually ‘damned’ in the ‘*leading periodicals*’ over which he possesses influence.” &c. &c.

We have not heard that his jokes have occasioned any accident from immoderate mirth; but the poor gentleman has evidently a right to indulge in any merriment, it being entirely at his own expense.

Our correspondence is the most annoying part of our duty. A lady or a gentleman despatches an article, with a polite note, or otherwise as it may be, requesting insertion in our most “valuable,” or “respectable,” or “interesting,” periodical; it so happens, perhaps, that we have not time or opportunity to do justice to its merits so quickly as the author thinks desirable; note after note comes to remind us of neglected genius; at length such a specimen as the following appears, addressed to our astonished publisher, who is as innocent of the delinquency as any respectable savage of the Friendly Islands. The superscription is—COCHRANE.

“August 19, 1834.

“SIR,—On the 18th of June last, a portion of a MS. entitled ‘Asmodeus in London,’ addressed to the ‘Editor of the New Monthly Magazine, Cochrane and M’Crone, Waterloo Place,’ was delivered pursuant to the latter half of the direction, and received by you. Receiving no answer, I addressed a note, as I before did the article, received by you. Another note, received by ‘Lord knows whom,’ I don’t, unanswered. If you think it becoming to doubt the above, ask the bearer of the present; I can’t think *him* mistaken, though he be but a child. And though but just emerged from childhood myself, my brain has quite as comfortable a notion of its own dignity as your obesity—mind that. Now, I called upon you this afternoon to know what it all meant, and found myself considerably bothered in the presence of your six-foot dignity. You said, ‘that you was *not* the publisher of the New Monthly, but of the Old.’ Very likely; I rarely read magazines, I leave it to blockheads, who have more money and time to throw away upon nonsense than I have; I am very well content to write it ‘for a remuneration,’ that’s what I want. I made the mistake in direction from seeing your name topping the review of a number as its publisher. Again, you said, in answer to the inquiry, would such misdirected articles be received? ‘No.’ But one such *was* received, and a brace of letters, at intervals, to boot; which I can only attribute to your desire to cut out Bentley, good or bad. You may cut him out as much as you please; but I’ll be d—d if I’ll be cut out too.

“However, I care not by whom the articles are published, you may have them if you please, if not, send them back ‘per bearer.’

J. NICHOLS.”

Such is the style of an indignant juvenile; we will take a future opportunity to enlighten our readers with the rebuke of a sage, which is very Mentor-like indeed.

The communication of E. B. S. has been received, and will be attended to next month.

The notes we have received respecting various articles we will endeavour to reply to next week.

We will answer our correspondent at Paris the first opportunity.

Wilsons and Sinclair’s Specimens of Type shall be noticed in our next number.

SUNDAY LEGISLATION AND ITS OBSERVANCES.

Interference of Parliament in religious Matters.—Sufficiency of the present Laws.—Instance of Domitian consulting the Senate on Cookery.—Attempts to Judaize the Nation.—Review of Sunday Legislation from the earliest Time.—Laws of Constantine.—Council of Orleans.—Laws of Ina, Alfred, Athelstan, Edgar, Canute.—Neglect of Observances under the Norman Line.—Divine Manifestation to Henry II.—Fulc the French Prophet.—Richard II.—Enlargement of the Sabbath; Miracles to enforce Observance.—Anecdote of the Jew at Tewkesbury.—Customs of France and England.—Edict of a Bishop restraining Barbers and others.—Elizabeth.—King James's Book of Sports.—Puritans.—Charles I.—Fanatics in the Civil Wars.—Charles II.—Effect of Sunday Observances at Nantes.

SEVERAL of the topics on which parliament was occupied during the last session, were not of a nature greatly to increase the respect of the country for that assembly, and others were such as ought never to engage the attention of any legislature. Nothing but mischief to the very cause which was intended to be advanced has ever been produced by the interference of parliament in matters of religion. The manner and times in which people think they ought to perform their religious duties is an affair between themselves and their Creator; and any intermeddling for the purpose of enforcing stricter observances than their consciences deem necessary, is certain to excite disgust, and, it may be also, to cause entire neglect. The observance of Sunday in England, in the provinces particularly, is marked by a solemn decorum, which gives direct contradiction to the petitions presented to parliament for further restrictions. On this ground there is not the slightest pretext for any new measures of coercion; it cannot be, nor is it attempted to be, denied that the laws against Sabbath-breaking are sometimes violated, but they contain their own remedy. What law was ever so perfect as to remain inviolate? The infraction of a law does not prove it to be insufficient; if it did, every new case of burglary or arson would call for a new enactment. Severity of punishment defeats its object; and in the case of religious observances, additional penalties would have the effect of immediately rendering the law a dead letter. The statutes now in existence* are sufficient to curb the most wanton spirit of licentiousness. They have only to be called into operation. While that is the case, it is a loss of time to hold deliberations on a subject for which ample provision has been made; and men are justly exasperated who consider the legislature of a nation to be appointed for important purposes. The conduct of parliament in this respect has not been of more consequence to the public, or more dignified than the debate in the senate, convoked by Domitian, on the momentous question of the disposal of his turbot, whether it should be cooked entire or in pieces.† It is a most provoking cir-

* See Mr. Chitty's note to Blackstone's Comm. IV. 64.

† Reported in full, *Juven. Sat.* X. v. 28—149.

cumstance that national affairs should be interrupted and suspended by such barren and effete propositions as the Sunday bills; yet, rejected as they have been, and treated with no small share of contempt within and without doors, there is not the smallest doubt that the next session will be ushered in by other and more vigorous efforts on the part of the *saints*, God wot! to judaize the nation. In the mean time, perhaps, a brief and rapid sketch of Sunday legislation and its observance may not be uninteresting to the general reader.

"This day," says Mr. Fosbrooke, under the head SUNDAY, "has always been subject to the extremes of observation or neglect. We find it most religiously observed, and no business to be done upon it. (xv. Script. 380; x. Script. 830, 834.) On the contrary we also find markets held (with, indeed, a limitation, except for provisions), and trading and working upon this day. (Dec. Script. 1079. Script. p. Bed. 467. M. Paris, 169, 523.) Battles, &c. were often suspended because it was Sunday. (Hawk. Mus. ii. 120; iii. 264, 506.) Dressing well on this day is ancient. Bear and bull-baiting, and all kinds of games were not unusual after church. In the 17th century, the people in almost every house passed the Sunday evening in singing psalms and reading the Book of Martyrs. (Id. ii. 432; iii. 71.)*

The first compulsory observance of Sunday appears to have been in 321, under Constantine the Great, a recent convert to Christianity, who artfully balanced the hopes and fears of his subjects by publishing in the same year two edicts; the first of which enjoined the solemn observance of Sunday, and the second directed the regular consultation of Aruspices. In order not to offend the ears of the pagan part of the empire, he styles the Lord's day *Dies Solis*;† and he permits agricultural labour to be performed on this day, perhaps in conformity to an ancient opinion that those necessary operations should not be suspended on festival days:—

"Quippe etiam festis quædam exercere diebus
Fas et jura sinunt: rivos deducere nulla
Religio vetuit, segeti prætere sepe,
Insidias avibus moliri, incendere vepres,
Balantùmque gregem fluvio mersare salubri."‡

The Council of Orleans, in 538, prohibited this species of labour; but, because there were, at that time, many Jews in Gaul, and the people had fallen into many superstitious uses in the celebration of the new sabbath, by imitating or adopting those of the Jews on the old sabbath, the Council declares, that, to hold it unlawful to travel with horses, cattle, and carriages, to prepare food, or to do anything necessary to the cleanliness and decency of houses and persons, savours more of Judaism than Christianity.

In England, by the laws of Ina, about 688, if a slave work on a

* Encyclop. Antiquit. Vol. II. p. 698.

† Gibbon, Decl. and Fall, Vol. III. ch. 20. p. 241. He cites for the first Cod. Theodos. L. ii. Tit. viii. Leg. 1. Cod. Justinian. L. iii. Tit. xii. Leg. 3, and observes that Baronius censures Constantine's profane conduct with truth and asperity note 9.

‡ Virg. Georg. I. 268.

Sunday, by his lord's command, he shall be free, and his lord forfeit 30s.; if he work, without his lord's testimony, he shall lose his hide.* If a freeman work on the Lord's day, he shall lose his freedom.† King Alfred, about 872, enacts, that if any person presume to transact business on this day, he shall lose his chattels [*capitale*], and incur a double penalty to the Danes and English.‡ The laws of Athelstan, 929, prohibit business and forensic pleadings, under a similar penalty.§ Sunday, by the laws of Edgar, 959, commenced at the ninth hour of Saturday (our three o'clock, P. M.), and continued till day-light on Monday.|| Canute, 1017, prohibits public markets, conventicles of pleaders, sales, and other secular transactions, except upon urgent necessity.**

The Norman Conqueror enacted some laws for the observance of particular festivals, but Sunday is not specifically named in them.†† The people seem to have neglected it under the princes of this line: we find the monkish historians relating visions, which have for their object the enforcing of its solemn observance, as the especial command of heaven. On Low-Sunday, 1154, says Knyghton, a tall, thin, yellow man, with round tonsure, bare-footed, and clothed in white, addressed Henry II., in the Teutonic language, as the "Gode olde kyng," and told him that Christ and his pious mother, St. John the Baptist, and St. Peter, sent him their respects ("*te salutat*") firmly commanding him to prohibit markets and servile labour on Sundays, and assuring him of success in all his undertakings, accordingly as he obeyed this mandate.‡‡

At the latter end of the reign of Richard II., Fulc, a prophet in France, busied himself in correcting religious abuses, and in 1197, sent Eustace, abbot of Flay, into England, for the purpose of suppressing the traffic, in which the people were engaged on Sundays.§§ What he did in this particular respect is not recorded; we are only informed, that on his arrival, he betook himself to the working of miracles,||| not one of which appears to have had any reference to the object of his mission. If he did not fail entirely, his success was of very short duration; for having returned to France, we find him, in 1201, under the necessity of again visiting England for the same purpose.*** On this occasion he pretended to have received a commission immediately from heaven, and itinerated from city to city, York among others, preaching up the strict observance of the day of our

* Corium perdat; i. e. be severely whipped.

† Lel. iii. Sax. 3. *apud* Joban. Bromton. Chron. 761.

‡ Lel. x. Sax. 7. Bromt. 830.

§ Lel. xxxi. Sax. 23. Bromt. 844.

|| Lel. vi. Sax. 5. Bromt. 871.

** Nisi pro magna necessitate, Lel. xvii. Sax. 14. Bromt. 920.

†† Cap. xi. *de temporibus et diebus pacis domini regis*. Sunday, however, is included in the following prolongation of Saturday to Monday: "Item omnibus sabbatis ab hora nona usque ad diem Lunæ." Roger de Hoveden, p. 601.

‡‡ Henr. de Knyghton, Lib. ii. col. 2395.

§§ Bromton, col. 1274.

||| Roger de Hoveden, p. 804.

*** Id. p. 820.

Lord's resurrection, which in the middle ages, denoted not only Easter day, but every Sunday throughout the year.* In the copy of this celestial diploma, which is preserved entire by Roger de Hoveden, the Lord is made to define the Sunday to be between the ninth hour of Saturday, and sunrise on Monday; and to swear by his right hand that he will send the Pagans upon the people to slay them, unless they keep the Sunday, and the festivities of the saints.†

As the commencement of Sunday on three o'clock of the preceding afternoon was a considerable enlargement of the holy day, and an equal infringement on the time which should be devoted to business, there seems to have been some difficulty in procuring a strict observance of the supernumerary hours. What could not be effected by persuasion or law, was attempted by intimidation, and the people were alarmed by prodigies. A carpenter, driving a nail, on Saturday afternoon, was struck with a palsy: a man baked a loaf on Saturday afternoon, and when he broke it on Sunday, blood issued forth; and a miller, who was grinding corn on Saturday afternoon, suddenly beheld the machinery stand still, and a torrent of blood flow from the mill instead of flour. Notwithstanding these and many other visible manifestations of divine displeasure, the people, says the accurate chronicler, fearing more the loss of earthly than of heavenly profit, continued to transact their venal affairs on the Sunday as usual.‡ The Saturday afternoon is still considered as a sort of holiday in many country places in the north of England, and no doubt it is in consequence of this early connection of it with Sunday.

Bad examples were set in high places, and tended greatly to nullify the efforts of the monks. On the Continent we find Queen Maria conveying an estate on the second Sunday of the year 1205;§ and at home, in 1209, King John does not hesitate to receive a number of palfreys in liquidation of a fine, even on a Palm Sunday.|| Transfers of property among the higher orders of the nobility, on Sunday, are innumerable in this reign. In that of his successor, Henry III., a circumstance is said to have occurred at Tewkesbury, which has undergone several versions, and which is consequently well known. It is briefly related in the Latin Chronicle of Evesham, which Leland supposes to have been written in this reign; and the anecdote may so far be considered to be authentic. "In the year 1260, a Jew at Tewkesbyri fell into a privy on the Sabbath, and from reverence of that day would not suffer himself to be drawn out. Richard, Earl of Gloucester, would not allow him to be extricated on Sunday, and

* Du Cange, Suppl. tom. iii. col. 599. Art de Verifier les Dates, tom. i. tit. *Glossaire*, &c.

† Juro vobis per dextram meam, &c. This composition is unworthy of its pretended origin. It seems to have been much easier to work a miracle than to write elegant, or even correct Latin, the appearance of which would itself have been almost miraculous.

‡ Roger de Hoveden, p. 322.

§ Dacherii Spicileg. aliquot, Script. Veter. tom. viii. p. 221.

|| Rotul. Literar. Clausarum, p. 114.

so he died."* In 1273 Humphrey de Bohun executed the conveyance of a tract of land on Sunday, in the feast of the circumcision.†

It was a frequent practice of our ancient parliaments to assemble on Sunday, and to hold their sittings without intermission. In 23 Edward I., a parliament was summoned to meet at Westminster on Sunday next after the feast of St. Martin. The parliament in 28 Edward I., which confirmed Magna Charta, and made the celebrated *Articuli super Cartas*, was appointed to assemble on the second Sunday in Lent. In the 35th of the same reign, a parliament was summoned to meet at Carlisle on January 20, where the king expected the presence of Cardinal Sabines; but the latter not arriving, the king prorogued the parliament to the Sunday next after Mid Lent, and on Palm Sunday the session terminated, having continued fourteen days, of which three were Sundays.‡ The parliaments of 17, 21, and 43 Edward III. were each held on a Sunday, the last being Trinity Sunday.§ It is probable that many other instances might be found by any person who will undertake the trouble of transmuting the ancient chronological computations into modern terms.||

Meanwhile our neighbours in France appear to have scandalised the Puritans of this age, by their neglect of Sunday and certain other festivals, suffering the wind and water to turn mills, shaving their beards, and even bleeding veins, without regard to the ordinances of the church in general, and the synodal statutes of Anjou in particular. In 1292, William le Maire (Guillelmus Major), bishop of that province, convoked his third synod, when a statute was passed, which so closely resembles the puritanical enactments of this country, that we might almost suspect it to have served for their model. From the first section, or preamble of the act, we learn that the bishop's predecessor had issued some injunctions on the subject to the rectors and chaplains of the diocese; the second is to the following effect:—

"Whereas on the festival days, which are interdicted in reverence of God and his saints, and especially on Sundays, which are consecrated to the honour of the Highest Majesty, the faithful of Christ are to abstain from all servile labour, we command and enjoin all and singular our rectors and chaplains, in virtue of their obedience, to inhibit their parishioners, on manifestation of divine judgment, and pain of excommunication, from employing themselves in any servile work on the said festivals, and especially on Sundays; and particularly inhibiting barbers from shaving beards, or otherwise exer-

* I. el. Collect. tom. i. p. 233. Camden preserves an old epigram, or rather versification of this story. Remains, p. 442; and Barrington relates it from Howel's *Londinopolis*, with the addition—"By this cruel joke the Jew was suffocated." The perpetration of the joke is attributed to a bishop of Magdeburg, where the scene is also laid, by the author of the article *SABBATH*, in the *Encyclop. Britan.*

† Dugd. Monast. Anglic. tom. iii. p. 84. Edit. Veter. There are many other instances, but one is sufficient to show the existence of the practice.

‡ Prynne's *Enlargem.* 4 Inst.

§ Cotton's *Abridgm. Records* by Prynne, pp. 36, 51, 103.

|| The parliament of 2 Richard II., at Westminster, was opened on the Quindena of Easter, which was Sunday, April 24; but Sir Robert Cotton calls it the 25th of April, which fell on Monday in that year. *Abridgm.* p. 167.

cising the office of barber on the said Sundays; and also from blood-letting, except when there is imminent peril of death or infirmity. Inhibiting their parishioners,* under the pain aforesaid, from shaving themselves on Sundays, or suffering others to shave them, or receiving any barber-like service (*vel barbitonsoris officium*) on peril of their souls. Inhibiting also all millers whomsoever, under the intermination aforesaid, and the owners of mills (*molendinorum dominis*) from causing or suffering their mills to grind on the said Sundays, especially from vespers on Saturday to vespers on Sunday, notwithstanding the abuse of a long time, which should not be deemed a use or custom, but truly a corruption; since the heavier the sins, the longer they detain the unhappy soul in bonds, and no prescription can avail against the precepts of the Decalogue."†

Notwithstanding this severe and minute enactment against shaving, we find that the Sunday, denominated *misericordia domini*, had, long anterior to the Bishop of Anjou, been one of the days set apart for shaving the brethren in the austere monastery of Cluny, which had probably adopted the more liberal construction of the council of Orleans. Udalric has a chapter expressly on the days appointed for this cleanly operation.‡

Returning to England, by stat. 27 Henry VI, cap. 5., no fair or market shall be held on the principal festivals, Good Friday, or any Sunday (except the four Sundays in harvest) on pain of forfeiting the goods exposed for sale. So much for the law! but clergymen in this reign made contracts and disposed of landed property on the Sunday.§ In 1579, Henry, Earl of Derby, Henry, Earl of Huntingdon, William, Bishop of Chester, and others her Majesty's high commissioners|| (2 Elizabeth) being assembled at Manchester, gave forth good orders and injunctions against "pipers and minstrels playing, making, and frequenting ales, beare bayting, or bull bayting on the Sabbath dayes, or upon any other dayes in time of devine service," &c.|| These orders and injunctions seem to have created the gloomy and melancholy disposition among the people, which struck the attention of King James, when on a visit in 1617-18 at Hoghton Tower, in Lancashire; where he concocted his celebrated proclamation, called the Book of Sports. This, it is well known, allowed of nearly all the sports which the high commissioners had discouraged; and, says Hume, by his authority, "he endeavoured to give sanction to a practice, which his subjects regarded as the utmost instance of profaneness and impiety.¶ A modern writer, Professor Vaughan, in his

* *Subditis suis*; perhaps their subordinate officers.

† Dacherii Spicil. Script. Vet. tom i. p. 734. edit. fol.; tom. xi. p. 201. edit. 4to.

‡ Antiquior. Consuet. Monast. Cluniac. Lib. III. cap. 16. *De Rasura Fratrum*, apud eund. tom. 1. p. 695, edit. fol.

§ Harl. MS. 2,042, fol. 330 b. The practice of dating charters and conveyances on Sunday seems to have been pretty general in Germany in this and the preceding century.—D. Eberh. Baringii Clav. Diplomet. pp. 533, 541, 543, &c.

|| Mancuniensis, fol. 20.—A manuscript history of the town of Manchester, by Richard Hollinworth, a celebrated Puritanical preacher in the time of the civil wars.—(Vide Nicholson's Engl. Historical Libr. p. 17.)

¶ Vol. VI. ch. 47, p. 92.

History of the Stuarts, goes to the length of asserting, "that the effect of the Book of Sports was not only to diminish the little popularity which the mistaken policy of the king had left to him, but to contribute greatly toward the fatal convulsions of the next reign." Admitting this observation to be just, and allowing the view to be correct, which was taken during the debate on Mr. Cayley's Amendment to the Sunday Bill, "that the Book of Sports expelled one member of the family of Stuart from the throne, and conducted another to the scaffold," what are we to think of the religion of those who plunge a nation into a civil war, and, in this view of the matter, commit a foul murder, for the purpose of putting down harmless recreations? In a few years afterwards, in 8 James I., a Bill was introduced into parliament by the Puritans, for the more melancholy observance of the Sunday, which they affected to call by the Jewish name of Sabbath. The Christians of the middle ages had employed the word *Sabbatum*, to denote the whole week, but did not venture on this absurdity.* On the present occasion, Mr. Shepherd, a member, was expelled the House of Commons, for his opposition to the Bill, declaring the appellation of Sabbath to be Puritanical, and for defending the exercise of dancing by the example of David. The House of Lords opposed so far this Puritanical spirit of the Commons, that they proposed, that the appellation of Sabbath should be changed into that of the Lord's day.—(*Journ.* 15, 16 Feb. 1620; 28th May, 1621.) In Shepherd's sentence, his offence is said by the House to be "great, exorbitant, and unparalleled."† The different appellations of this festival were at that time known symbols of the different parties.‡ By the statute of 1 Charles I. cap 1. no persons shall assemble out of their own parishes for any sport whatsoever upon this day; nor in their parishes shall use any bull or bear baiting, interludes, plays, or other unlawful exercises or pastimes. The act does not prohibit, but rather impliedly allows any innocent recreation or amusement within their respective parishes, even on the Lord's day, after divine service.

Many of the austerities and absurdities committed by the fanatics with respect to religious festivals and customs, in the time of the civil wars, are collected by Hume, and therefore need not be repeated;§ some are melancholy, others ludicrous, and all of such a nature as to fully authorize a belief that the anecdote in drunken Barnaby's Itinerary is no fiction.

* It is extremely disgusting to find a man like Sir Henry Spelman condescending to use the language of cant. None knew better than he that the word Sabbath was applicable only to the Jewish commemoration of the seventh day of the creation, yet he employs it in an unwarrantable manner. He explains *Dominica, Sitientes venite* to be "*Sabbatum ante Dominicam Passionam*."—Glossar. p. 181. This, without the elucidation of the introit, can be taken for nothing else than Saturday preceding Passion Sunday, instead of the Sunday before that festival, making the difference of a week. *Sabbatum*, in the Mediæval writers, is invariably Saturday, the seventh day of the week, except when used for the week itself, and then Saturday was termed *Septima feria Sabbati*.

† Hume, Vol. VI. ch. 47, p. 92.

‡ Ibid. p. 211.

§ Vol. VII. ch. 57, p. 32, note.

Among other festivals extinguished by the sectaries was that of Friday, which, as commemorating the passion of the founder of Christianity, was ever held in great reverence by the church. Robert of Brunne, the poetical translator of Langtoft, tells us that in the penance laid upon William Rufus by the bishop, "Sir Ode of Wynchestere," the monarch is particularly enjoined,

"That neuer on Friday to wod thou go to chace;
The riuer salle thou forsake on Friday elka dele;
That penance, I the take, Sir Kyng, thou kepe it wele."

Chron. p. 94.

Their suppression of the Friday-fast created a re-action, and Charles II. issued a proclamation for its revival, equal in bigotry to any of the puritanical acts, prohibiting victuallers from dressing suppers, and butchers from killing and selling meat on this day;* and by statute of the 29th of this reign no person is allowed to work on the Lord's day, or use any boat or barge, or expose any goods to sale, except meat at public-houses, milk at certain hours, and works of necessity or charity, under forfeiture of five shillings; nor shall any drover, carrier, or the like, travel on that day on pain of twenty shillings. This statute is unrepealed, and a moderate man might think it sufficient to satisfy a very inordinate appetite for pains and penalties upon trivial occasions. Probably when the people of England are reduced to such an observance of Sunday as is related in *Le Breton*, a Nantes paper of 30th July last, the rage for legislating on this subject may cease. It appears that two men were buried alive in the shaft of a coal-mine, 430 feet deep, at Martelais, and that their companions, instead of working without the pause of a moment to relieve them from their horrible and dangerous situation, discontinued their labour from Sunday morning till Monday morning! "Sunday interrupted their labour, which they recommenced on Monday morning at 8 o'clock." One man, strange to say, was saved, but the other perished! So much for Sunday legislation. There has been no lack of law givers in all ages,—are we better or wiser? or are the saintly Solons of the present day to effect that which the "wisdom of our ancestors" failed to accomplish?

* Fosbr. Encyc. Antiq. Vol. II. p. 541.

THE TWO LIONS, THE WOLF, AND THE SHEEP.

A FABLE FOR THE LORDS.

AN Irish wolf had long been used to reap,
 A pretty decent harvest from a sheep ;
 Had claimed a tenth of pasture, turnips, food
 Of every kind the sheep accounted good ;
 And emulous to seem a wolf of peace,
 Borrowed for Sunday wear the other's fleece.
 Long time the sheep had grudg'd the monstrous ration,
 And set his face against this decimation ;
 Futile his bleatings—vainly did he writhe,—
 The wolf looked black, and carried off the tithe.

At length, the wretched sheep's assiduous cry,
 Roused a young lion, who by chance was nigh :
 " What riot's this, and why that rueful face ?"
 The sheep takes heart, and plainly states his case ;
 The wolf deplores poor Mutton's want of grace.

" Faith," quoth the lion to the wolf, " my friend,
 Methinks 'tis time this state of things should end ;
 The sheep, you see, is on resistance bent,—
 Take of your claim three-fifths, and be content."
 With secret grief the wolf his loss deplores,
 But wolves are silent when the lion roars.
 " But come," resum'd the umpire, " let's abide
 By what this ancient lion shall decide ;
 Old, to be sure, he is, and lacks his teeth,—
 Nothing but upper-jaw, and jaw beneath ;
 But age should be respected whilst it lives,
 And rank, hereditary wisdom gives."
 The wolf beholds his friend with wondrous glee,
 As the old lion hobbles to the three.

And now the case is argued o'er again,
 The aged lion wisely shakes his mane.
 " What ! take three-fifths, good wolf, and hope to thrive,
 When you so long have laid your paw on five ?
 For shame—be resolute, or you're undone,
 Stick to your point :—you shall have all or none."

The wolf looks foolish—fumbles with his paw—
 " There'll be none *here*"—" Pooh ! pooh ! the law—the law"—
 " The law won't help me," urged the wolf, " I fear,
 Look at the sheep and this young lion here."
 " Nonsense !" cried lion senior, somewhat sore,
 And cleared his throat, and vainly tried to roar.
 The sheep, meanwhile, had wish'd the wolf good-day ;—
 The wolf look'd sheepish as he slunk away,—
 He nought to get, the other nought to pay.

The aged lion waddled off content,
 While lion junior chuckled as he went.
 The former of his friendship vastly proud,
 Who claim'd the pound of flesh by law allow'd ;
 The latter speaking in an under tone,
 Of half a loaf which better is than none.

CONVERSATIONS WITH A SPANISH LIBERAL.—No. II.

ROMERO ALPUENTE—TORRENO—PALAFOX—MUNOZ—AND THE
QUEEN CHRISTINA.

"By Santiago the Moor Killer," I exclaimed, on meeting my Spanish friend at the club, and whom I found endeavouring to reconcile the conflicting statements of *La Gazette de France*, and the official organ of the French government, *La Journal des Debats*—"by the patron of Compostella, while I have been killing grouse on the Yorkshire hills, the affairs of Spain have been marching *à reculons* with a vengeance. Scarce a month has elapsed since our last conversation, and Europe has beheld her capital a prey to anarchy and confusion. I heard the walls of her Cortes ringing with the declaration of a national bankruptcy."

"The internal state of Spain," rejoined my companion, "is, I grant you, far from being so flattering as the patriotism of every well wisher of his country could desire. But, *nil desperandum*."

"*Sub auspice* Rodil, or *sub auspice* Torreno, I suppose you would add," said I, interrupting him. "The former, I candidly confess to you, has greatly disappointed my expectations. In Zumalacarréguy he has not a Peruvian Gamarra or a La Mar to deal with. The conduct of your doughty general has set at defiance all the calculations '*de la saine tactique*.' Why, when it was so obviously his policy to have confined the insurrection to Navarre, he should have allowed the Carlists to have made the Basque provinces the theatre of operations, the territorial configuration of which is not only so favourable for an obstinate guerilla warfare, but, moreover, by its extensive line of coast, will afford them the opportunity of receiving supplies both from this country and Holland, has surprised every one."

"In spite of all your tactical acumen, Amigo," said the Spaniard, "Don Carlos has not even the shadow of chance in his favour—thanks to the difficult nature of the seat of war, he may yet for some time elude the pursuits of the Queen's forces; but he wants that *prestige* which enabled Napoleon to advance from Frejus to Paris—*sans coup férir*—to clear the road to Madrid. The arrival of Mina, too, on the soil of his country, will prove a death-blow to what slender hopes he may yet entertain of success. Rodil will not fail to profit by the consummate skill and the personal influence of this old guerilla chief. No one in the world is better acquainted than Mina with the narrow tracts of country to which the operations of the contending parties are now confined; there is not a nook or corner of Navarre, or of the Basque provinces, which he did not turn into an ambuscade during the French occupation. Again, familiar with the tactics of the guerillas, he will defeat their plans almost as soon as they are conceived; add to this, the notoriety of his name, and the *prestige* of his well-earned fame upon the population of the insurgent provinces, and depend upon it that Mina's arrival will modify their opinions, and be followed up by the most important results. I

wish," continued my friend, with an expression of sadness, "that the other points of the political horizon of my unfortunate country looked equally bright."

"You allude, I suppose, to the late attack on the convents, instigated, as it is said, by the machinations of the *comuneros*, and which led to the arrests of Romero Alpuente, Van Hallen, Palafox, and others?"

"I do; and with deep forebodings do I observe the rocks, on which was wrecked before our constitutional bark, still rearing their rugged heads amid the strife of our political elements. You are doubtless aware of the conflicting views of the three great parties which divided the Spanish Constitutionals. The first were the Freemasons, headed by the celebrated Arguelles—their object was to establish a kind of statocracy. The second were the *anilleros*, who wished to gradually modify the constitution by the introduction of a second chamber, numbering in its ranks our present premier Martinez de la Roza, Florida Blanca, the Duke de San Fernando, and many others of distinguished rank and talents. The third and last were the *comuneros*, who based their operations upon the third article of the Constitution, viz. the sovereignty of the people, and whose object it was to organize a popular confederation throughout the Peninsula. The life and soul of this party was and is Romero Alpuente: one whose motto has always been—" *Malo periculosam libertatem quam quietam servitutem.*"

"Before you proceed any further," said I, again interrupting him, "give me first a rapid sketch of this *exaltado* Romero."

"Romero Alpuente, now verging on his eightieth year, was for upwards of twenty years president of the Royal Court of Grenada. He is a man cast in the old mould of Spanish firmness, and possesses talents of the highest order; but which, unfortunately for the welfare of his country, have been all along devoted to the attainment of a political chimera. During the last days of the Constitutional régime in 1823, he became president of the celebrated Landabarru Club, modelled on the Jacobin clubs of France. How closely they wished to follow in the steps of their French prototypes, you will gather by the following extract of one of Romero's speeches, and which at the same time will paint to the life the character of the man.

" 'During the war of independence,' said he, addressing the assembly of Terrorists, 'we had in our favour the hosts of friars who feared they should lose their revenues; but these are now our greatest enemies. We had also in our favour the aristocrats, who equally feared for their privileges and their vast estates; they are likewise our enemies. Up to this time men of science and literature rivalled each other in supporting the cause of independence; but, now the truth must be openly confessed, for some reason or other, one and all of them are our enemies. What then is our remedy? Do you ask? *We must annihilate them. We must do with them as was done in France, where in one night 1,400 were executed.* Then we shall be ourselves again patriots all.'

"Such is Romero Alpuente, and such are the political doctrines of his party."

"Among whom," I rejoined, "I am rather surprised to find the celebrated Palafox, the hero of Saragoça.

"The *prestige* of his name, rather than his personal co-operation, is, I believe," answered my companion, "all that the *comuneros* wanted; for he is as contemptible a politician as he was formerly formidable as a warrior. But to return to my former review of the great parties in the constitution. The *comuneros*, you perceive, in spite of the sword, the scaffold, exile, and the dungeon, like the infatuated Bourbons, *n'ont rien appris ni rien oublié*. They still shew a front—still cling with blind fondness and obstinate pertinacity to that constitution, which, however beautiful in theory, was, in its practical application, found so ill adapted to the prejudices and the spirit of the Spanish people, that, like a tender exotic transplanted from its native clime, it soon sickened and died.

"This party, however weak it may be, will, nevertheless, singularly embarrass the Queen's government; for to attain its ends it will not scruple, like the republicans of France, to coalesce for a time with the Carlists. To steer the vessel of state through the shoals that surround her course, will require the arm of a political Hercules. Of the critical position in which the Ministry find themselves placed, you may form some idea by the late measure submitted to the Cortes, by the Finance Minister, Torreno, and which has spread ruin and consternation through almost every *Bourse* in Europe."

"Consternation indeed!" I replied. "This measure of Torreno has been in the financial, what the Russian campaign was in the military world, '*une vraie débacle*;' ruin and suicide have been the order of the day; and, egad! if report lies not, that royal stock-jobber Louis Philippe, and your Minister Torreno, have between them carried off an immense booty."

"*Si non e vero e ben trovato*," rejoined the Spaniard, with a smile, "*Mais revenons à nos moutons*. This financial measure of Torreno's, which has been assailed with such universal obloquy and vituperation by men who vainly dreamt that the destinies of a great nation were to be sacrificed to the interests of a few stockjobbers and gambling speculators, has proved its author to be at once a great statesman and a clever financier. I see you smile," said the Spaniard, "but fortunate will it be for the foreign creditor, if the measure in its present form passes the Cortes. My own opinion is, and it is based upon a knowledge of the men who form the committee of finance, that it will be thought to go too far, and, instead of recognizing one-half the debt as an active stock, they will stop short at a quarter."

"So that," I replied, "the Cortes, from whose wisdom the regeneration of Spain was so anxiously looked for, will be the grave of her honour and good faith."

"Heaven forbid the thought! But you are, I perceive, deceived by the fallacious arguments of the disappointed bondholders, who, of course, view this question rather as stockjobbers than as political philosophers, who maintain the impossibility of our developing our resources otherwise than by the aid of foreign loans, which, by our violation of national faith, will be henceforward as

impracticable as the re-conquest of the American mines, and who loudly clamour, as in Portugal, for the confiscation of the church property, to satisfy their demands. Now a nation sunk so low in the scale of political degradation as Spain, you will allow, it is utterly impracticable to regenerate otherwise than by the operation of slow and gradual means (if always *they* will attain a result, of which the page of history offers no example); but, if the process be forced, it will inevitably lead to anarchy and bloodshed; and an attempt to confiscate the church property at this moment, when Spain resembles a smothered volcano, would to a certainty produce that result. Recollect, for an instant, that it was their intemperate zeal, their fierce crusade against the property of the church, which proved so fatal to the Constitution of 1820. On the suppression of the convents, no purchasers were to be found, so that those very resources, which the Cortes imagined would be the most ready at hand, became an actual incumbrance. But the experience of the past, it is to be hoped, will enlighten the future; and measures only will be now attempted, warranted by the necessity of the times. Thus, the suppression of the conventual, then the property of the military commanderies, &c., will take place gradually, as the present incumbents die off; the state receiving a portion of their revenues, as their numbers diminish, till, at length, they are finally extinguished, and the whole revolves to the state. Thus will be achieved this salutary measure, by the operation of a slow but sure process.*

"In fact it is only by the exercise of consummate skill, and of patient endurance, that Spain can be regenerated. Look at her, degraded as she is, by ages of political misrule and monkish superstition; her people in that diversified state of society, arising from their long political discentralization, to which it is so difficult to adopt any general system of new legislation and mode of government; and frankly tell me if the obloquy with which this measure of Torreno has been assailed, is merited. He has acknowledged one-half the debt in the shape of an active stock (more, by-the-by, than ever reached the Spanish coffers of the loan), the remainder is constituted a deferred stock. The payment of which will, of course, depend upon the development of those resources which have so long slumbered beneath the shade of Spanish misrule, and the consolidation upon a firm basis of the constitutional system."

"But, without the aid of foreign loans, how," said I, "are the great works of internal improvement to be effected?"

"By dint of the strictest economy, and an improved system of fiscalization. To develop our resources but by the aid of foreign loans, would be to develop them to the sole profit of the foreign money-lender. Not, should loans be necessary, that there will be the difficulty you suppose in raising them, unless it can be proved that the destinies of nations in the 19th century depend upon the

* The value of the church property in Spain has been estimated at 51,000,000 dollars per annum. By a report made by Arguelles, the Minister of Finance, to the Cortes, in 1821, the annual revenues of the church were estimated at one-third more than those of the state domains.

fiat of a few wealthy stock jobbers. But the argument is perfectly absurd, and betrays the most lamentable ignorance of human nature, for such is the allurements of that master-spring of the mind, gain, that hold out but favourable terms, do but dazzle the cupidity of the money-lender, and, in spite of the experience of the past, he will eagerly take the golden bait.

"No, my friend, Spanish honour will not be violated; the demands of her creditors will be faithfully discharged, but she must have time to allay that political fever of the blood which still distracts her system—to consolidate the great work of political regeneration, and to develop her immense resources. Upon this every thing depends; at the same time the obstacles to be overcome, if not insuperable, I must reluctantly admit are immense."

"But a truce to politics, *Mi Caro*," I here exclaimed, "let us now season our colloquy with something more piquant; read me a chapter of *La Chronique Scandaleuse* of Madrid, and sans circumlocution; tell me who is this Munoz, who has so filled the mouth of public report by the extraordinary influence he has acquired over '*La Reina gobernadora*.'"

"All that I can say to satisfy your curiosity on that point is, that Munoz, like his prototype Godoy, was a subaltern in the royal guard. *Un grand blond*, as the French say, *beau comme l'amour*, of that style of beauty which is as irresistible to the dark-eyed beauties of the south as those Salvatorean banditti faces which, on the shoulders of a Greek count, an Italian prince, or a French marquis, have since the peace made such havoc in the ranks of your rich English heiresses. Thus you will perceive this royal cortejo owes his elevation purely to the advantages of a fine figure—*à son physique*; and so great is the ascendancy which he has acquired over the mind of Christina that he is consulted on every occasion. So much so, that the minister of Prussia is said to have termed the present administration 'the ministry of Therezita and Munoz'—in allusion to the all powerful influence of these two favourites; for you, of course, know that La Senorita Therezita has been recalled months ago and reinstated, notwithstanding the very general opinion that this *aventurière* has been all along playing a double game."

"Strange," said I, "that neither the evils entailed on Spain by her late consort's mother's passion for Godoy, nor the more recent *scandale* of her sister the Duchess de Berri, should both be lost upon Christina."

"It only proves," continued my friend, "the profound observation of Napoleon, '*Que les femmes font de mauvaises politiques, se laissant toujours gouverner par le cœur*.' Heedless of every consequence, she has not only publicly appeared in the Prado with Munoz by her side, but she has openly insulted the nobility in the person of the Duke St. Ildefonso, who on that occasion actually rode behind them *en chasseur*. The nation have beheld with indignation her treasures lavished in the purchase of houses and equipages for the happy favourite, who, to crown the whole, has been appointed chamberlain to the queen, an office which gives him the *entrée* to her chamber at all hours."

"Well, after all, this is but the repetition of the past," said I; "a

queen-mother without a cortejo would be quite a novelty in the Spanish annals. The mother of Phillip IV. had her *Valenzuela*, the mother of Ferdinand her Godoy. Christina, the mother of Isabella, is not singular, therefore, in this respect. But do you really think there is any truth in the *on dits* in circulation—such, for example, as a splendid box sent lately from Paris bearing the initials of the queen and those of her favourite entwined? But, unfortunately, the breath of slander does not stop here; it has even been reported that——”

“I know what you would say,” said the Spaniard, interrupting me. “But can you wonder at the *écarts* of the imagination, when in these matters you must know *il n’y a que le premier pas qui coule*.”

THE TWO THRUSHES.

FROM THE SPANISH OF YRIARTE.

A SAGE old Thrush was once discipling
His grandson Thrush (a hair-brain’d stripling)
In the purveying art. He knew,
He said, where vines in plenty grew,
Whose fruit delicious when he’d come
He might attack *ad libitum*.

“Ha!” said the young one, “where’s this vine—
Let’s see the fruit you think so fine.”

“Come then, my child, your fortune’s great, you
Can’t conceive what feasts await you!”

He said, and gliding through the air
They reached a vine, and halted there.

Soon as the grapes the youngster spied,
“Is this the fruit you praise?” he cried:

“Why, an old bird, Sir, as you are,
Should judge, I think, more wisely far
Than to admire, or hold as good,
Such half-grown, small, and worthless food.

Come, see a fruit which I possess
In yonder garden; you’ll confess,
When you behold it, that it is
Bigger and better far than this.”

“I’ll go,” he said, “but, ere I see
This fruit of your’s, whate’er it be,
I’m sure it is not worth a stone,
Or grape-skin from my vines alone.”

They reached the spot the thruslet named,
And he triumphantly exclaimed—

“Shew me the fruit to equal mine!

A size so great—a shape so fine;

What luxury, however rare,—

Can e’en your grapes, with *this* compare?”

The old bird stared, as well he might,

For lo! a *pumpkin* met his sight!

Now, that a Thrush should take this fancy,

Without much marvelling I can see;—

But it is truly monstrous, when

Men, who are held as learned men,

All books, whate’er they be, despise,

Unless of largest bulk and size.

A book is great, if good at all,—

If bad—it cannot be too small.

VINES AND VINEYARDS.*

THERE is no English work on the subject of wines from which any practical information can be gathered. Dr. Henderson and Mr. Cyrus Redding are among the more modern authors who have offered their speculations to the public on this very interesting topic ; but although their works have been introduced with cost and care, we question much whether, in point of actual utility, Mr. Busby's little work is not more entitled to our attention than all that has been said or written on the subject for many years. It is true there are no ingenious theories respecting the vineyards and wines of the ancients, but there is that which concerns us more closely—a very interesting and minute account of the culture of the grapes, and the fabrication of the wines of Spain and France, which we have more to do with at present than with the ancient glories of the Falernian. Future ages may possibly be indebted to the ingenious speculations of their Henderson or Redding as to the “whereabout” of the vineyard whence we of the present day draw our Gordon sherries, or the precise hill of Hermitage may be fruitful of controversy ; but, thank heaven, they are not yet so mystified but that a plain straight-forward man like Mr. Busby can give us all the information we desire to know, at very little cost and small exertion of intellect.

Our author is from New South Wales, and is stimulated to this undertaking by the very laudable desire to improve the resources of his country. With a climate and soil inferior to none, Mr. Busby thinks with reason that vines may be cultivated at New South Wales with such success as to form a feature in the commerce of the country ; and with this object he has travelled through the principal wine countries of Spain and France, visited the best cultivated vineyards, obtained cuttings from almost every variety of vine, and embodied the vast fund of information he has acquired as to the culture of the vine and the manufacture of wine in a small work, which must be invaluable to those more particularly interested, and full of agreeable and useful information for the general reader.

Mr. Busby, avoiding the prolixity of travellers regarding their period of departure, and utterly eschewing all detail not immediately bearing upon his grand object, skips over from London to Cadiz in two lines, thus :—

“ Having embarked at London on the 6th of the present month I this day landed at Cadiz.—*Monday, Sept. 26th, 1831.*”

He then enters at once into the object of his travels, and having met with a Dr. Wilson, to whom he has a letter of introduction, he proceeds with him to visit Xeres, the celebrated sherry wine country. On the road they taste the *vin du pays*, called *Manzanilla*, which is a light, pleasant wine, having mellowness of flavour. They enter the

* Journal of a recent Visit to the principal Vineyards of Spain and France. By James Busby, Esq. Smith, Elder, and Co.

wine district at the equivocal hour of twilight, and the first object that strikes Mr. Busby is a man with a gun,—a most opportune hint at the commencement of his career, and one that was doubtless not lost upon our author in the course of his scientific rambling.

"*Friday, 30th September.*—A violent storm of wind and rain made it impossible to quit the house yesterday, and though the rain continued to fall at intervals to-day, I managed to visit, in company with Dr. Wilson, the cellars of the house of James Gordon and Company. The extent of these cellars is quite immense—the extreme length of the largest being 110 Spanish *varas*, about 306 English feet, and the breadth 222 feet; the roof is supported by rows of massive square columns of mason work, and although the whole cellar is not of the above length or breadth, the principal division of the building being only 200 by 150 feet, yet, with its various adjuncts, the whole extent of the cellar is equal to the dimensions first stated. Messrs. Gordon and Company have also another very extensive cellar, though not equal to this in dimensions. Their ordinary stock of wine is said to be 4000 butts: this is kept in casks of various sizes, containing from one to four butts. These casks are ranged in regular rows; in some parts of the cellar, to the height of four tiers. They are called *soleras*, and are always retained in the cellars. They contain wines of various qualities and ages—from one to fifty years. The wine merchants of *Xeres* never exhaust their stock of finest and oldest wine. According to the price at which the wine expedited to the market is intended to be sold, it contains a larger or smaller proportion of old wine. But it is only in wines of a very high price, that even a small portion of their finest wines is mixed. What is withdrawn from the oldest and finest casks, is made up from the casks which approach them nearest in age and quality, and these are again replenished from the next in age and quality to them. Thus a cask of wine, said to be fifty years old, may contain a portion of the vintages of thirty or forty seasons."

So, this is the way you do it, Messrs. Gordon! The Germans boast of some immense tub of Hock being 100 years old much upon the same principle; the vat having been made about that time, and the successive vintages being regularly emptied into it, and we suspect with equal regularity drawn off. The poor Germans are not the only liars in the trade when the age of their wine is talked of.

"The higher qualities of sherry are made up of wine the bulk of which is from three to five years old, and this is also mixed in various proportions with older wines. Thus, from the gradual mixture of wines of various ages, no wine can be farther from what may be called a *natural wine* than sherry. But, besides giving the wines, as they are prepared for the market, mellowness and richness, by the addition of older wines, there is a very dry kind of sherry called *Amontillado* or *Montillado*, which abounds in the peculiar nutty flavour that distinguishes sherries, and which is frequently added when that is deficient. Being very light in colour, it is also used to reduce the colour of sherries which are too high; and when, on the other hand, colour is required, the deficiency is made good by the mixture of *boiled wine*, or rather of *boiled must*."

Thus we have a mess of the different vintages made up into a sort of *stock-pot*, as the cooks call it; then prepared for the market by adding mellowness and richness; and, as a crowning care, that *nutty flavour* is added, in the discovery of which we have so often heard connoisseurs smack their lips so triumphantly. Little does the simple

consumer fancy that he is chuckling to the praise of Messrs. Gordon's doctoring. Then, to suit all customers with genuine sherry, we are favoured with the following:—

"The lowest priced sherries are in general the growth of Port St. Mary's or San Lucar, two districts within ten miles of Xeres; or they are brought round from Malaga to Port St. Mary's, and thence transhipped for England under the name of sherry, perhaps after having been landed and mixed with other wines to give them the qualities in which they are deficient. All these low-priced wines are largely mixed with brandy, being intended for the consumption of a class of people who are unable to judge of any quality in wine but its strength. But brandy is added in very small proportions to the good wines—never in greater quantities than four or five per cent. while they remain in the cellar, and frequently not at all, unless the wine should become *scuddy* or *mothery*; and thus the finest wines are frequently entirely free from it; but, on their shipment, a small dose of brandy is considered absolutely necessary, even to fine wines, to make them bear the voyage, as it is said; but, in reality, because strength is one of the first qualities looked for by the consumers."

What with the original genius of the grower in putting these Xeres wines together, the talent of amplification displayed by the importer by the introduction of those of Port St. Mary and San Lucar in addition, and the mysterious processes to which they are subjected in the cellars of the London merchants, we suspect that the people of England know as little about the true flavour of sherry wine as a Mongol Tartar does of Dublin stout. The detestable practice, likewise, of mixing such quantities of that truly poisonous stuff they call brandy, is reprehensible, and is, moreover, a great mistake. However strength might have recommended wines some years since, certainly quality is now more appreciated; and as the wine-merchants know this, and do not stop the practice, it would seem that such deleterious mixture must be profitable to the trader. If such be the case, we must continue to drink our fiery wines, since the health and enjoyment of the consumer will weigh but little against the tradesman's profit.

Mr. James Gordon then takes our author and his friend to visit a neighbouring estate belonging to Don Jacobo Gordon, who from his bastard name would seem to be a sort of Spanish Scotchman. Among remarks by the road-side, he tells us that it is not lawful in Andalusia to enclose any corn-field; but, that immediately the corn is off the land, they become common property, and "every one who chooses may send cattle and sheep upon them," a truly primitive way in the disposition of property; but one, in which, we fear, the prejudices of English landlords would interpose materially in its introduction on our own soil. The travellers find Don Jacobo's workmen just assembled at dinner, "which consisted of a kind of cold soup, made from water, with oil, vinegar, salt, pepper, and salads, scraped down, or cut small,"—rather small feeding this; but, as they are paid well, it is merely an affair of taste, and no business of ours. Mr. Busby tastes here some of the boiled *must* used for *colouring wine*. "It is as thick as treacle, and resembled it in flavour; but with a strong burned taste." He visits many other plantations; but the system is very much alike. Then at the vineyards of Don Pedro Domecq:—

"On entering his cellar, or rather pressing-room, we found the labourers at their dinner. Bread seemed here, as elsewhere, the chief article of their diet. There was also abundance of prickly pears and grapes. We passed to the cellar where the new-made wine was stored, and tasted it in its various states. The wine of a fortnight old was still very sweet, although the fermentation was now barely sensible. We also tasted the sweet wine of the same age, made from the *Pedro Ximenes* grape, and we conceived it to be barely possible for any thing to be more luscious, although we were informed that in a dry season it is much richer. He said he had about 200 butts of the sweet wine, and wished it were all of that quality, it was so useful in mixing with his purchased wine for exportation."

Roguery is in full force go where he will. Here follows a description of the press-work:—

"On returning from the cellar to the pressing-room we found the presses at work. There were eight troughs, similar in shape and dimensions to those formerly described, each with its wooden screw in the centre. A large quantity of grapes being heaped up in one part of the trough, they commence by strewing upon them as much powdered gypsum, or sulphate of lime, as a man can take up with both hands. A portion of the grapes are then spread over the bottom of the remainder of the trough, upon which the men jump with great violence, having wooden shoes, with nails to prevent their slipping. After the greater part of the grapes are pretty well broken, they are piled up round the screw, and a flat band, made of a kind of grass, is wound round the pile, commencing at the bottom, the broken grapes being heaped and pressed in as the band is wrapped higher and higher, till they are all compressed into it. They then commence working the screw, and the *must* flows with great rapidity."

Here the author takes leave of his friends at Xeres, and proceeds by the steam-boat to Seville, and thence to Malaga. It may here be as well to observe, that the whole extent of the Xeres vineyards does not exceed 7,000 acres, consequently, the greater quantity of the wines known in England as sherry wines, are fraudulent concoctions, made up in the laboratory of the London wine-merchant, and impudently foisted upon the public as wine. The whole quantity of sherry annually exported for Xeres does not exceed 25,000 butts, and *in no case do even the exporters themselves send a genuine natural wine!* Let the sherry drinkers hug themselves on that fact; and, moreover when they rejoice over the true *nuttty* flavour, let them not be niggardly in the praise of Don Jacobo Gordon, Don Pedro Domecq, and other enlightened men, to whom the glory of the invention is justly due.

The wine of Malaga is not much in vogue at the present day; the trade of the place is principally confined to raisins and almonds. The method of preserving and packing fruit is given; likewise the description of a sugar plantation; from which he appears that sugar has been cultivated with success in Spain, for upwards of 100 years, and the quality is so good that the produce of the estate visited by Mr. Busby, brought that year a higher price by 10 per cent. than imported sugar. The produce of the vineyards round Malaga, which is not converted into raisins, is a sort of inferior sherry chiefly taken by the Americans, with whom it has been much in demand since the establishment of Temperance Societies. Very little of the old mountain or Malaga wine is made.

Before Mr. Busby leaves Malaga, he visits the cellars of a Don Juan Langan, a sort of Spanish Irishman, who is in the habit of sending choice wines to English noblemen and men of wealth; but, here again the old system prevails. Speaking of his wines,—

“Some of them, he says, are twenty years old and upwards. Some of his wines of seven or eight years old resembled a good sherry, and he agreed with me in thinking that his sweet wine of that age was equal to those three times as old. He further agreed with me, that the great age of those wines did by no means add proportionably to their quality: and he evidently understands the art of giving the qualities generally attributed to age, by mixing, and other management. He himself hinted at the success with which he had conducted this branch of trade, and he has the reputation of having acquired great wealth.”

It is quite as well that the “noblemen and men of wealth,” whose cellars are supplied with such *old and choice wines* should be made acquainted with the genius of Don Juan Langan.

After many valuable remarks respecting Spanish vineyards, and the wines of Catalonia, Mr. Busby proceeds to Perpignan, where he introduces himself to Messrs. Durand, who are great cultivators, through the pleasant medium of the notes of Messrs. Herries and Farquhar and Co.; to whom Messrs. Durand are agents. Both the brothers politely accompany him to their vineyards, a few miles from Perpignan.

“After a drive of about an hour and a quarter, we arrived at the first of Messrs. Durand’s establishments. This is an immense square inclosure, with high walls and buildings. It formerly belonged to the Knights Templars. The church is converted to a wine-cellar, and the houses of the Templars to the residences of Messrs. Durand’s peasants. Several other buildings are also erected within the walls, forming altogether a most complete and extensive homestead. After talking chocolate we proceeded to the vineyards. Mr. Durand only cultivates three varieties of vines, the Grenache, which gives sweetness, the Carignan, which gives colour, and the Mataro, which gives quantity. His vines are in general planted either on the plain, or on a gently inclined slope; but when there is a slope the exposure is always to the south. The soil is loose and stony, the stones quartz, of various colours and shades.”

The wine made here is that known by the name of Rousillon. Our traveller gives an account of a large farm belonging to Messrs. Durand, who are agriculturalists as well as wine growers. The farm consists of 562 acres, which can all be laid under water, when irrigation is required. The working oxen are exceedingly fine animals, of which a pair is worked with each plough, and managed by the ploughman alone. The cows are never milked, but the calves are allowed to suck them. There is no such thing known as a dairy farm. Butter is never used; oil being the universal substitute. The prejudice which our English people have against oil as an article of food is perfectly absurd. Oil is a pure, sweet vegetable production, and is as far superior to butter as a wholesome and delicate extract from vegetable matter can be to any description of animal fat. And yet, people will soak their muffins in the stale produce of Irish dairies, firkinised and salted, and enjoy with the greatest possible *gusto* their foul feedings; while pies and pastry of every kind are made with this filthy

grease, and lauded by those who affect a most delicate disgust to olive oil, the use of which would make pastry more beautiful to the eye, and much less pernicious as food. It only shews that habit will reconcile the taste to anything ; but, it seems rather absurd, that the people who indulge in such dainties as salted butter and melted swines' fat, should laugh at the barbarous Russian, who licks his lips over rusks and train-oil ; or the more interesting savage of Esquimaux, who gloats with true unctuous delight over his feast of entrails and blubber.

Mr. Busby then visits Rivesaltes, famous for its production of the sweet wine called Muscat ; he then returns to Perpignan, and inspects the *dépôt* of horses belonging to the French government, bought for the purpose of improving the breed of France ; likewise a flock of merino sheep and some goats of Cashmere.

We must pass over many interesting accounts of the Botanic Gardens, Montpellier, the nursery at Tarascon, the dried fruits of Provence, observing by the way that

“ The quantity of figs which the inhabitants dried formerly was their principal produce, but now each proprietor only gathers about 40 quintals, (4,000 pounds), not more than enough for the consumption of his own family !! ”

We now proceed to the Hermitage and Burgundy wines. Mr. Busby has an introduction to Messrs. Richard, wine merchants and bankers, at Tournon, from whom he has all the information he requires. Here he finds the old game still carried on :—

“ The finest Clarets of Bourdeaux are mixed with a portion of the finest red wine of Hermitage, and four-fifths of the quantity of the latter which is produced are thus employed. The wines are racked off the lees in spring, and sulphured. A very small piece of sulphured match is burnt in the casks intended for the white wine ; the red wine requires a greater portion. These matches are purchased from persons who make a business in preparing them. They are slips of paper, about one inch and a half broad, and when coated on both sides with sulphur, are about the thickness of a sixpence. A piece of one inch and a half square is sufficient for a cask of white wine containing 50 gallons.”

Then follows a description of the celebrated Hermitage vineyards :—

“ The hill of Hermitage is so called from an ancient hermitage, the ruins of which are still in existence near its top. It was inhabited by hermits till within the last 100 years. The hill, though of considerable height, is not of great extent ; the whole front which looks to the south may contain 300 acres, but of this, though the whole is under vines, the lower part is too rich to yield those of the best quality, and a part near the top is too cold to bring its produce to perfect maturity. Even of the middle region the whole extent does not produce the finest wines. M. Machon, the gentleman whose property we were traversing, pointed out to me the direction in which a belt of calcareous soil crossed the ordinary granitic soil of the mountain, and he said it requires the grapes of these different soils to be mixed, in order to produce the finest quality of Hermitage. I took home a portion of the soil which he pointed out as calcareous, and the degree of effervescence which took place on my pouring vinegar upon it, indicated the presence of a considerable portion of lime. It is probably to this peculiarity that the wine of Hermitage owes its superiority, for to all appear-

ance many of the neighbouring hills on both sides of the Rhone present situations equally favourable, although the wine produced even upon the best of them never rises to above half the value of the former, and in general not to the fourth of their value. A good deal may also be attributable to the selection of plants. The best red wines of Hermitage are made exclusively from one variety, and the white wines from two varieties; but in the district generally a much greater number of varieties are cultivated. The Red Grape is named the *Ciras*. The white varieties are the *Roussette Marsan*. The former yields by itself a dry and spirituous wine, which easily affects the head—the plant produces indifferently—the latter yields a sweeter wine—they are mixed together to produce the best white Hermitage.”

Before taking leave of his host, M. Richard, our author acknowledges the attention he had every where received from the French proprietors, which was the more gratifying, he having been led to expect considerable jealousy. M. Richard expressed a hope that if he published an account of his journey, honourable mention would be made of this fact. After quitting the vineyards of Hermitage, the author proceeds to those of Burgundy, and visits Chambertin and Clos Vougeot.

“After quitting the vineyard of Chambertin, I rejoined the cabriolet, and after recovering the main road, proceeded to Clos Vougeot. This vineyard formerly belonged to a convent, and the buildings are therefore rather extensive. What was the old vineyard is enclosed by a high stone wall, but M. Ouvrard, the present proprietor, has also acquired a considerable portion of the land without the wall, and the present extent of the Clos Vougeot is therefore 48 hectares, 112½ English acres.

“I mentioned to the steward of M. Ouvrard my disappointment regarding my letters of introduction, and my having resolved in consequence to trust to the good nature of the proprietor of Clos Vougeot for a friendly reception. He replied, very heartily, that I had done well. He conducted me over the cellars where the wines are made, and subsequently over those where they are kept, explaining the whole process pursued in making the wine, and answering all my questions with great exactness.”

Then follows an account of the method of fermentation; after which he says—

“They commence selling it when three and four years old; but the wine of very favourable seasons is retained by the proprietor till it is ten or a dozen years old, when it is bottled, and sold at the rate of six francs a bottle. The price of the wine of ordinary vintages, from three to four old, is from 500 to 600 francs the hogshead, but seasons occasionally occur when the wine is not better than the *Vin Ordinaire* of the country. The wine of 1824 was given to the labourers as their ordinary drink, that of 1825 is now ripening in the large vats, and will be worth, in three or four years more, six francs a bottle. The wine has been found by experience to be of better quality, and to preserve its perfume better, in these large vats than in casks.”

- The last-mentioned are the wines of Champagne, the method of preparing which is curious. Messrs. Herries' notes are again a passport to the wine-cellar:—

“The very eminent wine house of Messrs. Ruinart and Son, of Rheims, are agents for Herries, Farquhar, and Co.'s notes. Having called upon them to cash one of these, M. Ruinart, junior, conducted me over their

wine cellars, which are very extensive, and all subterranean, consisting of three under-ground stores, one beneath another, all mined out of the limestone rock. The wine, which has received the last attentions which it requires, and is ready for expediting to the consumer, is packed in large square masses, bottle above bottle, and side by side, with no other precaution to keep them steady than a lath passing along between the necks of one layer and the butts of the next layer above. They generally send the wine to the consumer at the age of three and four years, but after the first winter it is all put in bottle. The stock, therefore, appears immense, and indeed it is very large, for not only are different qualities required, but also different descriptions to suit the varying tastes of their customers in England, America, and Russia, to which countries Messrs. Ruinart make their chief exports. A gentleman, with whom I travelled, told me that he could buy very good sound Champagne at Chalons for two francs a bottle, and was then going to purchase 100 bottles at that price, but respectable wine merchants never send any to England under three francs a bottle. What is sent to England is more spirituous, and froths more strongly than what is sold for domestic consumption. The greatest and most minute attentions are necessary in preparing Champagne. The casks in which it ferments, after running from the press, are previously sulphured to prevent the fermentation from proceeding to too great a length. It is twice clarified during the winter, and in the month of March, before the return of spring has renewed the fermentation, it is bottled off. When in this state the bottles are placed in frames, diagonally, with their heads downwards. The lees are thus collected in the neck of the bottle, but they do not consider it necessary to uncork the bottles as soon as the wine is perfectly clear, nor is it considered that there is any danger of the wine spoiling if the return of warm weather should cause a re-commencement of the fermentation, and remix the lees through the wine. On the contrary, they sometimes allow the lees to remain to ripen, as they term it, longer than usual. The wine, in general, remains in this state till the following winter, each bottle is then placed in a frame, and carefully uncorked. The contents of the neck of the bottle are emptied. It is filled up from another bottle of the same wine, and being re-corked, only now requires age to give it all the perfection it is capable of. It of course often happens, that the wine has either undergone less than the usual fermentation, or being stronger than usual requires a greater fermentation before being put into bottles; and it consequently happens that the fermentation in the bottles is greater than they can bear, and that a large proportion of them burst during the first summer. The floors of the wine cellars are all covered with grooves, sloping to a gutter, by which the wine which has burst the bottles is conveyed to a cistern in the floor, and, as there is the most perfect cleanliness observed, a part of the wine is thus sometimes saved."

With this extract we must close our notice of Mr. Busby's work, giving him all the merit due for a very clear, straightforward account of the origin of a very considerable article of our consumption. What the Scotch-Spaniard, Don Jacobo Gordon, or the Spanish-Irishman, Don Juan Langan, and the numerous friends Mr. Busby picked up on his route, will say to his revealing the secrets of the prison-house, it is not for us to conjecture. We can only, in common with the rest of our sherry-suffering brethren, return him our grateful thanks for the information, and sincerely hope that none who read his book will use their newly-acquired knowledge rashly.

ADVENTURES OF A NAVAL OFFICER IN THE TIME OF PEACE.—CHAP. I.

I REMEMBER well my first determination to go to sea. It was one day after dinner, I had been home about a week for the Christmas holidays; my mother had just left the dining-room, I and my father were alone—he filled his third glass, I had just finished my first, the extent of my potations at that time.

“Well, George, you are now more than twelve years of age—it is time that you should consider what profession you would like to follow, in order that you may be properly educated for it, and give your mind to serious study, that you may become a credit to me and an ornament to society; and depend upon it, my dear boy, which ever way your inclinations lead, you will always find me ready to indulge them, so long as they transgress no moral duty.”

Disgusted with school, looking upon it, as most boys of that age do, as an earthly purgatory, and thinking that could I but once quit it I should be truly happy, I considered this a favourable opportunity to emancipate myself from the dry pages (as I then thought them) of Ovid's Epistles, and the more annoying Odes of Anacreon. I was not long in framing a reply to my father, but quickly answered “that having an uncle who had greatly distinguished himself in the navy, I wished to follow in his footsteps.” Whether it was that my youthful propensities had never induced my father to expect I should choose the “fierce, foaming, bursting tide” or not, I cannot tell, but certain it is, that he never contemplated such a resolution, for it came like a thunder-bolt on my kind-hearted parent, and so sudden and unexpectedly, that he could not for some time attempt to dissuade me from what he termed my mad design. At last he recovered himself, and pointed out, in a manner that would have satisfied any but a school-boy, the dangers of a sea-life, and the difficulty in these “piping times of peace” to obtain promotion, or even employment, when all the younger branches of the great tree of St. James's are let loose on the navy, to serve their six years in a comfortable ship, on a pleasant station, and then receive their commissions; painted the numerous advantages of the learned professions; if I would make up my mind to enter the church, he would promise me a good living—if I would consent to be called to the bar, his influence and friends would ensure me practice—in fact, any thing but the navy.

“You have talents, George,” said my good father, “that will bring you forward in life, and I can't consent to your throwing them away on the navy.” But it would not do—even this last bit of flattery, so delightful to boys, was not sufficient to conquer my repugnance to tasks. Hatred to school, and dread of a master peculiarly dexterous in the management of the birch, together with the inflammatory nature of Dibdin's songs, made me determine to be “every inch a sailor.” Arguments were useless, and threats my kind, my best of fathers, never used.

At this time my brother-in-law, an old lieutenant, was appointed to one of the Falmouth packets, that a short time before had been taken from the Post-office and put into the hands of government. This my father thought a good opportunity to sicken me of the sea, by sending me a voyage to South America. I was therefore taken from school, and so far my point was gained. Now came the happy time—the happiest, in my opinion, of a man's life—the preparation, the fitting-out for our entrance into the world. At that happy time we look upon the world as upon a kaliedescope, a map of beauty lies before us—innocent of all guile we know no care—confidant of success, we laugh at the warning voice of experience, that tells us to beware. Intent upon pleasure, loving every body and every thing, we boldly launch our little bark, and happy is he who falls in with a pilot to save him from the hidden dangers of a deceitful world. My preparations commenced; the tailors were put in requisition; my orders were given in number and tone worthy of an embryo candidate for the quarter-deck. "Let my jackets be made exactly to fit."—"Yes, sir."—"And be sure not to forget pockets in the sides, like a sailor, because I am a sailor now you know."—"Certainly." At last they were dismissed to their labours. My poor father smiled, though he was not happy at these juvenile flights. My sisters were hard at work making pincushions and needle-cases in the different shapes of hearts and books, for remembrances; and an old servant, who had been my nurse, brought me a little silk bag, filled with camphor, that I was to be sure and keep always round my neck, as I should never have a fever while I wore it. Then came the sovereign of all sovereign charms, old Mrs. Wilson, the housekeeper, brought me a child's caul.

"Be sure, Master George, you take care of it; for your ship will never sink while you have it on board."

At last, all was ready, and joy was turned into temporary grief at the thought of leaving "Home and my comrades dear." The pleasure and bustle of fitting out, had made me believe it was as pleasant to leave home as to quit a tyrannical school master; but when the time arrived, I found my mistake. I felt happy at the idea of seeing foreign countries, manners, and customs; but home, sweet home, how is it possible at any age, but particularly in youth, for the first time to leave thee without a tear? The last good night (I was to start early next morning) was a melancholy one; and there were few dry eyes, though all tried to smile; but it was one of those attempts at mirth that makes melancholy more apparent. Even the old dog, Brutus, seemed to understand what was going on; he howled as he shifted his position on the rug that had been his customary lounge for twenty years. I went to bed, but not immediately to sleep; I considered I was about to leave home for three years; that numbers would be dead before I returned; and that, perhaps, I should never return; and then I cried; and then I fell asleep; and then Queen Mab played her pranks, presenting to my view all sorts of confusion;—I was in a ship just about to be swallowed up by the waves—I saw my father on shore, in all the agony of despair, unable to save me.—"A change came o'er the spirit of my dream," and I was an admiral,

just putting on (having well admired them for half an hour) a pair of new epaulettes. Out of this pleasant trance, I was awoke to partake of a farewell breakfast, the last certainly for three years—perhaps for ever. All was ready: the hall that for the last fortnight had been crowded with packages, to the danger of the shins of all such adventurous persons as crossed it incautiously, was now clear. The postillion shewed evident signs of impatience. I delayed as long as possible: at last, in I jumped. “God bless you, my boy! write directly you arrive at Chatham.” The chaise door was closed, the postillion smacked his whip, hurrah! away we went, as I thought, at a most unfeeling pace. I should have had a much better opinion of the fellow, had he gone at a gentler pace; but there was no help for it. We were soon on Blackheath—home was out of sight. I was alone in the world for the first time. Several times was I tempted to put my head out of the window, and tell the postillion to return, give up the sea, and live among those friends I so dearly loved; but ever, as I put my hand up to let the window down, beheld before me the hated form of my old schoolmaster, birch in hand, pointing to a Virgil or Gradus ad Parnassum. I shrunk back, determined to brave every thing rather than again fall into his clutches; and then the laughter of all my friends: it would not do. So I threw myself back in the carriage, and cried myself to sleep.

“Will you get out here, Sir?” said the postillion, opening the door, and shaking me by the arm.

“Out! what—where am I?”

“Come, Sir, we are going to change horses here; you had better get out, and go into the inn, and I will call you when I am ready.”

“Is there any body in that chaise?” said the landlord of the Bull Inn, Dartford, advancing as fast as a pair of very short legs, and an enormous belly would allow him.

“Ah! it’s you, is it Mr. Mortyr? very glad to see you, sir;—how is your father?—wo’nt you come in, and take some refreshments?”

I alighted, and was ushered into the very best parlour of the very best inn in Dartford.

“What will you take?” said the landlady, who had followed her obedient husband into the room.

“Any thing you like; I’ve a terrible head-ache.”

“Shall I make you a little tea, sir.”

“Thank you, yes;” and away went my hostess of the tavern, to prepare her best Bohea, and left me to think of the past and the present. I had cried so much lately, that I verily believe the fountain of my tears was dry; so I sat down to think calmly (that is as calmly as a boy of thirteen can) what I had done, and what I was likely to do; and then, like Hamlet, Cato, and other great heroes, I began to soliloquize:—

“I have left a comfortable home to enter what at best is but an uncomfortable profession;” and here I looked very sad. “True,” said I; “but I have left school, am now an officer, have got ten pounds in my pocket, and nobody to controul me.” Here ended my soliloquy; perfectly convinced that I had done one of the wisest actions that had ever been heard of; and then continuing my soliloquy. “As to the

difficulty of promotion, that my father mentioned; why—why—.” This was certainly a hard question, and what we sailors call “a pauler;” but I was young, and decided at once, by considering there was to be something particular about my adventures, “Ah! I am sure I shall be promoted.” After having come to this logical conclusion, I felt perfectly satisfied, and rose for the purpose of “freshening the postillion’s hawse;” but soon seated myself, upon the entrance of my landlady with tea and toast, which I managed to discuss with tolerable facility, though I had breakfasted but two hours before; but it has been well remarked that “though God may turn a midshipman’s heart, the devil can’t turn his stomach.”

“The horses are waiting, sir.”

“Very well I will be with you directly.” So ringing the bell, I pulled out my purse and as if by accident, spilt the contents on the table that the landlord might have a high opinion of my riches.

“Well, what’s to pay?”

“Oh! nothing sir, your father will settle that when he comes this way, and I dare say you have little money enough.” This sadly hurt my dignity, so I thought it necessary to inform him that he was mistaken, that I had ten pounds, besides some silver, as I am not a school-boy now, but an officer in the navy; I am to pay for myself.

“I beg your pardon,” said the landlord, smothering a laugh and making a most comical countenance, which I mistook for wonder at my riches and approbation of my speech. After this important affair was settled, I got into the post-chaise. The case was now altered, the postillion could not drive fast enough to please me—I was continually thrusting my head out of the window to urge him on. At last we stopped at the Sun hotel, Chatham, the landlord of which had been prepared for my arrival by my brother, and on my inquiring for the lodgings of Lieutenant W—— of the C——, I was informed that he had left Chatham for Maidstone, about six miles off, and would not return till the next morning. I had, therefore, till that time to amuse myself, nor did I find any great difficulty in passing it away. New epaulettes gracing the shoulders of new made lieutenants, stately post-captains with a look of importance peculiar to that exalted rank, upright soldiers in coats of glaring red, looking straightforward, always turning their body with their head, for fear of disordering the dress that cost them so much pains—and midshipmen always walking at their utmost speed, as if charged with the most important dispatch, for this useful class of officers is always in a hurry, cannot be stopped for the world, should you attempt to detain him to speak, he hurries you on, and to the very natural question of “Where are you going in such haste?” The same reply is always made—“Oh! I don’t know, only on a cruise, bear a-hand.”—Indeed, so uncertain are the wanderings of these Tyro’s, that it has become quite proverbial—“a midshipman’s cruise, there and back again.”

The next morning my brother-in-law called. My traps were soon shipped on board, and after a most pleasant passage of three days we anchored in Falmouth harbour to take in the mails for South America. At this time I was too young to make many observations on the beauty of this delightful little harbour, and as I shall have oc-

casion to mention it hereafter, I shall leave it at present unnoticed, and hurry over that part of my life, which, though as happy as any, is the least interesting from my having my brother-in-law for a captain. I mentioned in a former part of this, that my father's intention in sending me to sea in this vessel was not only to make me sea-sick, but sick of the sea; to this end he wished me to be treated exactly as a midshipman, or even with a little more severity; hoping that the change from the uniform kindness and affection that I had always received at home, would effectually cure me of any predilection for the stormy life of a sailor, and induce me to consent to embrace some profession on shore, and "scorn the white lapelle." My brother-in-law defeated this desirable object, by taking me to mess in his own cabin, allow me to do exactly what I liked, was afraid I was too young to keep any watch, and as to night-watch it was quite impossible; I should either catch cold or be knocked up by not having regular rest. This was pleasant enough; and soon reconciled me to leaving home. I now felt confident a sea life was the most pleasant under the sun; but I was as yet but a young bear, all my troubles were to come. I now found myself nothing but a passenger—went to bed when I liked, slept when I pleased, and plenty of attendance. How different this was from a midshipman's life I discovered in a few years. The mails were at last made up; we were all ready for sea, and a good strong north-easter coming on, our signal was made to proceed to sea. A most delightful wind that north-easter to a good sailor, who always feels better when it is blowing a gale of wind than when it is smooth water. But such was not I. Never having seen salt water till I arrived at Falmouth, I was soon on my beam-ends. When we cleared the Lizard I began to feel it. I was soon in bed; and I truly thought I never should rise from it again. Of all the miseries man meets with in this miserable life, sea-sickness is the worst. Entirely deprived of any power of exertion by an excessive languor that is always the forerunner of sea-sickness, you feel that love of life so inherent in man depart from you altogether, and death appears to be the only doctor that can afford you the slightest relief; added to this, sea-sickness never receives the slightest commiseration; every body laughs at you; knowing it is not dangerous. It becomes an excellent joke to all but the party concerned, who, with a very long face wonders how any one can be so totally devoid of all feeling as to laugh at so serious an illness, and should the sufferer express his feelings, which is not at all unlikely in the irritation of the moment, it produces not repentance, but redoubled laughter. At last down came my brother-in-law.

"Well, George, how do you do?"

"Oh! oh! for God's sake put me on shore—what a fool I was to come to sea. Oh! I wish I was at school! If ever I get home, I'll never come to sea again; but I'm sure I shall never return again. I'm sure I shall die. Oh! do pray throw me overboard." All this was interrupted at intervals by the most violent fits of retching, that made me feel sure my inside would come up.

"Now," said my brother-in-law, "if I put you on shore, will you never come to sea again."

"No, never! I promise never to put my foot on board a ship again as long as I live. Do put me on shore."

"Very well; there is a fishing-boat in sight, and if I can get her alongside, you shall go on shore."

Guns were fired, but it was no use; even had she noticed our signals, which she did not, it would have been impossible for me to go on board, the sea was running so high. I was therefore obliged to weather it out the best way I could; and in ten days I was enjoying my trip, and laughing at the idea of wanting to go on shore.

We now skimmed merrily over the domains of old Neptune; and, having a fine nine knot breeze, a couple of points abaft the beam, we made rapid strides to the halting-place, where the marine deity welcomes his sons. The visit of his godship has been told so often, that I will not repeat it, as tarring and ducking obnoxious individuals is much the same in all accounts of the ceremony. At last all was over, his godship resumed his mortal dress, and appeared in his old situation of boatswain's mate, and his wife was in the less feminine attire of a mizen-topman. Order was restored, and fair winds wafted us pleasantly over the trackless ocean. The monotony of a sea-voyage was again undisturbed by any, save the catching of a fish, or the splendid and undescribable sublimity of a sunrise or sunset at sea.

At last Rio de Janeiro was in sight—one of the finest harbours I ever saw: its description would be long, and, thanks to the indefatigable labours of the numerous and persevering travellers, stale to most readers. Our spirits, that had been so high, were damped on our entrance to Rio by the death of one of our best sailors, who lost his life by falling from the mast-head. The poor fellow was look-out man at the foretopmast head, and was just coming down at sunset, when one of the ratlines gave way as he was coming carelessly down, his foot slipped, and not being able to regain himself, he fell overboard, striking his head in his fall against the shank of the best bower anchor. A boat was immediately lowered without stopping the ship, for we had hardly steerage way at the time; he was picked up, and every means used by the surgeon to restore him, but in vain—life was extinct. The poor fellow was placed on a grating, with a union Jack thrown over him (the custom in such cases in the navy), and put aft under the poop to be buried on our arrival. Being but a small ship's company, we felt the loss of one more than a larger ship would of several; being confined in so small a space, and having so few hands (only 35), we knew every face, and one was sensibly missed. The next morning we anchored in Rio harbour, and during the day our unfortunate shipmate was borne to the grave by his messmates, followed by the whole ship's company and officers; three volleys were fired over the grave, and we returned on board. Our shipmate in his grave, we recovered our usual spirits; not that he was forgotten—but the life of a sailor obliges him so constantly to sustain losses by death or change of situation, and his duties being such as to engross almost all his thoughts, he soon discharges all outward appearance of regret;—this not from any want of feeling, for, taken in a body, I know no class of men whose feelings are so acute as those of sailors—but from the peculiar nature of his duties and his

pleasures, which are as opposite from shore-going people as the two poles.

The reader may expect some amusement from my adventures at this place. If so, I am sorry to disappoint them. I was too young to meet with any worth relating, and I had so little idea that I should ever use the "grey goose quill" for any thing further than a letter to an antiquated aunt, or a lying epistle for an extra draft to my father, that I kept no journal or remarks of any sort. It was not till I embarked in my second voyage, that I commenced taking notes of passing events; nor did I then do it with any idea of using them hereafter, but merely for my own amusement. The reader must therefore pardon the barrenness of narrative just at present, as I must "begin at the beginning."

From Rio we proceeded to Monte Video, and from thence to Buenos Ayres with the mails. At this time the Brazilians were at war with Buenos Ayres, and a large blockading squadron in the river Plate to intercept all vessels going up the river; we, being a packet, were allowed to pass after an examination by the squadron, to prevent our taking passengers, arms, or ammunition to the Buenos Ayreans. We were told of this at Monte Video, and at the same time were given to understand that the squadron was so alert that it would be impossible for us to pass them without being observed. This of course we had no wish to do.

We now got under weigh and proceeded up the river, and though we past so near the alert and active quadron as to see the flash of their nine o'clock gun, they did not observe us. The next morning early, we anchored in the Roads, seven miles from the shore, and were at last discovered by the blockading squadron, who came to ask if we had any passengers. We had been at anchor then four hours, and the captain had been on shore with the mails two, so we had had plenty of time to land them. At Buenos Ayres we remained a fortnight, and then taking on board four passengers, two of whom were Englishmen and a French watch-maker, returning to his native country after having made his fortune, the other was a true blooded Yankee, *i. e.* a regular shark. We now retraced our steps and arrived once more at Rio de Janeiro. At this place we heard from an English merchantman that had just arrived, of a piratical schooner that had chased her for two days till they were parted by a fog. This greatly frightened the poor Frenchman, who had a large sum of money on board in specie. The Yankee took advantage of this to induce him to give up the idea of going to England. What reason he could have for doing so I don't know, but this world is given to scandal, and it was said the Yankee did not lose by it. After remaining two days at Rio, we made sail for England, and soon arrived at the Equator, got the trade winds, and went along at the rate of nine knots an hour. One morning at about 11 A. M., in lat. 2°. N., the gunner came down in the cabin to say there was a vessel in sight that had been steering due south till she saw us, when she altered her course and was coming right upon us. This put us all upon the alert, suspecting it was the pirate we had heard of at Rio. We all went on deck and in an hour she was near enough for us to discover from the mast-head, that she was a very long and suspicious-

looking schooner. We soon found she gained upon us considerably. We, therefore, prepared for action; our passengers willingly lent their assistance in any capacity where they could be most useful. It was now night, and the schooner had closed with us so much that we expected her to fire every minute—all hands remained at their quarters. The mail bags were brought on deck ready to be thrown overboard in case of our being taken. She, however, would not attack us at night, but kept close in our wake till the morning, when we found she overhauled us so much, that it was no use attempting to escape, we had only to sell ourselves as dearly as possible. So to prevent her obtaining the weather-gauge we tacked to take up our position; we had no sooner done this than she put her helm down and round she went; the case was now altered, from the chased we became the chasers. The wind at this time luckily failed us, and though we pretended to keep up the chase by setting studding sails, we had no wish to overtake her. When she saw us make sail, she out sweeps and was soon out of our reach. It was most probably owing to our having tacked that we saved ourselves, for though we were all determined, we had but thirty-eight hands including passengers, with six nine pounders and small arms. From the view we got of our enemy, it was evident she doubled our size, having two long eighteens on swivels with some carronades, and her decks full of men. When we tacked, she no doubt mistook us for a ten-gun brig, which we greatly resembled when seen from a distance. At last, we saw the *Lizard*—a joyful sight to all who have taken a long voyage, but more particularly so to me, who had been six months away from a home that before this trip I had never quitted for six days. In the morning we anchored at Falmouth, and in one week I was at home, and had expressed my determination to stick to the sea; a few more disregarded arguments were advanced by my father, but finding it all in vain he set about obtaining me a ship. This he had little difficulty in doing, and after I had been at home about a fortnight, I received an order to join H.M.S. *I—*, commanded by Sir T—S—, fitting at Chatham for the Mediterranean station. I was now going to enter the navy for the first time—every thing would be new, and I looked forward very anxiously for the time I should be entirely out of leading-strings, for before I was under the superintendence of my brother-in-law. My father had obtained from the captain one month's leave of absence to fit me out, this time was spent in visiting all relations, cousins, aunts, and such nuisances. The time was up at last, and how different was the parting—instead of tears on my part, I was all smiles; instead of delaying till the last moment, I hurried every thing on, and appeared to be so happy that I was unanimously rated a hard-hearted, unfeeling wretch. Being packed upon the top of the coach, I proceeded to Chatham, put up as before at the Sun, ordered dinner, took a stroll, and went to bed to prepare myself by plenty of rest for joining to-morrow. It is said that directly a midshipman passes his examination, a flag is opened to his view, but I was more fortunate, for though only a day old in the service I had no sooner closed my eyes than I saw *Réd* at the Main.

THE BRITISH COLONIES.*

OF the importance of her colonial possessions to the British empire, there cannot be two opinions. It is true that Great Britain, considered merely in its geographical extent, contains in itself the elements of much moral greatness; but it is an equally admitted, because undeniable fact, that but for our colonial possessions, this country could never have acquired that influence, and importance, and glory in the eyes of the world which have, by the universal consent of other nations, been conceded to her. Our colonies are, in a great measure, the sources of our riches and of our power; and just in proportion as they, through misgovernment or other causes, are suffered to decline, will the reputation of this country diminish and its wealth disappear.

We doubt if the value and importance of our colonies be sufficiently appreciated by the great body of our legislators. Judging from many of the measures which Parliament has lately passed, with regard to our distant possessions, as well as the language which has been made use of by many of the senators when referring to them, one would certainly be justified in concluding that there are many of our legislators so deplorably ignorant of the elements of the national greatness, as to look on our colonies as so many excrescences, rather than as essential parts of the body politic.

It is high time, if not for their own, at least for the community's sake, that these superficially informed politicians should be undeceived. And we do not know any more likely means of improving their legislative vision than an attentive perusal of Mr. Montgomery Martin's work on the colonies. That work is now only in the course of publication; but if the remaining three volumes are equal to the two which have already appeared, we hesitate not to say that they will not only afford the most ample and complete account of the British colonies hitherto published, but that, without any formal or intended effort for that purpose, they will at the same time clearly unfold the incalculable importance of those colonies to the mother country.

Mr. Martin's first volume is chiefly devoted to the East India possessions: his second exclusively treats of our West India colonies. On both the Indies a great deal has already been written. We have "histories," "tours," "journeys," "residences," "recollections," and we know not what else, in the greatest abundance, on each of the Indies. Still no work has hitherto been written on either which was at once ample and correct in its details. We have risen from the perusal of each as ignorant on many points as when we sat down. It were too much to say that Mr. Martin has left nothing further to communicate, either as respects his volume on our Eastern posses-

* History of the British Colonies. Vols. I. and II. East and West Indies. By Robert Montgomery Martin, Esq., F.P.S. James Cochran and Co.

sions, or as regards that on our colonies in the Atlantic; but this we may affirm with the most perfect safety—that these two volumes are the most ample in their information of any which have ever come under our notice. We will say more, especially with regard to that which relates to the West Indies,—that we have derived as much information from the volumes before us, as from all the works taken together on the same subjects which have previously fallen into our hands.

Mr. Martin's plan is in a great measure original; at least it is, so far as we are aware, with regard to the Colonies. Instead of wearying the reader with tedious historical accounts, the one half of which in the case of most barbarous, or at least but semi-civilized countries, must be no better than mere romance, he occupies his pages with facts and figures, which are not only stern things, but which in this case come home with a greater or less degree of force to every man's business and bosom; for which of us are not either directly or indirectly interested in our colonial possessions. The quantity of information on every conceivable topic of importance connected with the Indies, which is scattered throughout these volumes, is immense, and could only have been acquired after many months, years, we will add, of unwearied and most diligent research. Mr. Martin's work might with very great propriety have been entitled "*An Encyclopædia of the British Colonies*;" a title which would have given a much more accurate idea of the variety of its contents than that which the author has chosen. By the way, we may as well mention, in order that our readers may have a better idea of the nature of Mr. Martin's work, that the plan, in a great measure, resembles that which is usually adopted in *Encyclopædias* in giving an account of any country—a plan which, unquestionably, for purposes of utility, is far preferable to that of the ordinary formal historical manner.

But while we are thus loud in our praises of the excellencies of the volumes before us, we must not shut our eyes to their defects. In some instances, the style might have been improved; and in others, there might have been a happier arrangement or classification of the matter. These are the only faults we find in the work: a sense of justice to the public, induces us to point them out; and Mr. Martin, we are sure, will think more highly of our commendation, from the circumstance of its not being indiscriminate.

It is strange enough, that, in an age when both authors and publishers are racking their brains to discover something new in the way of publication, no one should before now have hit on the happy idea of a "*History of the British Colonies*." We have *Histories of England* and of *Scotland* separately, and also conjointly, in abundance; and we have detached works on the various colonies without number; but a corrected and comprehensive history of all our colonial possessions is what we have never had. We trust Mr. Martin will, with his usual unweariedness, prosecute his arduous undertaking, until the desideratum be supplied; and the public, we are sure, will join with us in congratulating him on the completion of so Herculean a task.

We have not much space for quotation, though the volumes before
M.M. No. 105.

us abound with inviting materials. The few we shall give will be from the second volume; namely, that which relates to the West Indies. Our first extract refers to the monopoly so long enjoyed by the West Indies in the articles of sugar, rum, &c. We are glad to perceive that Mr. Martin advocates the abolition of that monopoly which is alike abstractedly unjust in principle, and injurious both to our new colonial possessions, and the mother country itself. His views are at once liberal and sound, and will, we are certain, be acted on by the legislature at no distant day. He says:—

“It is no longer consistent with justice or sound policy, to continue to the West Indies a monopoly of the supply of the home market; other tropical colonies demand our attention, and have a right to insist on equitable treatment from the mother country; besides, we cripple our own power, and resources, and commerce by the present exclusive protection to West India sugar, coffee, and rum: we impoverish a dense population at home, and (as the experience of the past proves) confer no benefit on the colonial agriculturalists. Let me implore all who value the happiness of their fellow subjects in every clime, to aid in abolishing the wretched policy of pitting one interest against another—the *West* Indian against the *East* Indian; the Canadian against the Australian; the European against the African; it is, indeed, imperatively necessary that such miserable legislation should cease; England derives no advantage from it, on the contrary, she materially suffers in her revenue, in her internal and maritime commerce, as well as by depriving herself of free outlets to every part of the globe for her unemployed population and surplus manufactures. I advocate nothing Utopian; in the preparation of this Work I have been necessitated to look into the early history of the colonies and the mother country, and I invariably found that it was owing to commercial freedom that the British West India Islands became peopled, cultivated, and enriched; whenever restrictions were placed on their trade with America, Holland, France, &c. they immediately began to decline in prosperity, and by a singular coincidence the mischiefs inflicted by the cupidity of man were frequently followed by the terrific visitations of the elements. What with the curse of slavery, the blighting effects of hurricanes, and the far more destructive influence of commercial jealousy, the wonder is how the West India colonies have maintained themselves during the last thirty years; nothing but the unconquerable energy of Britons could have surmounted the ruinous prospects and destruction of property which has been annually going on, and which will progress in an accelerated ratio unless the islands be permitted to renew their commercial intercourse with Europe and America, totally unfettered by any legal restrictions from the mother country. Give, I repeat, the British West Indies that unlimited mercantile freedom, for which their geographical position, fertile soil, and fine harbours so eminently qualify them, and neither the mother country, nor the colonies, have any thing to fear for the future;—Deny it them much longer, and it were far better that the surrounding ocean overwhelmed and sunk them into its fathomless abyss, rather than that they should continue to drag on an anxious and paralyzed existence fraught with misery and ruin to all engaged in those once prosperous, but still highly important and beautiful Isles of the West.”

We had always shared the opinion, so generally entertained, that sugar was both most destructive to the teeth, and very unhealthy, either for man or beast. Mr. Martin corrects the error. He says:—

“Not only do the inhabitants of every part of the globe delight in sugar,

when obtainable, but all animated beings ; the beasts of the field—the fowls of the air, insects, reptiles, and even fish have an exquisite enjoyment in the consumption of sweets, and a distaste to the contrary ; in fact, sugar is the alimentary ingredient of every vegetable substance encumbered with greater or less proportion of bulky innutritious matter. A small quantity of sugar will sustain life, and enable the animal frame to undergo corporeal (I may add *mental*, from personal experience,) fatigue better than any other substance ; often have I travelled with the Arab over the burning desert, or with the wild Afric through his romantic country, and when wearied with fatigue and a noontide sun, we have sat ourselves beneath an umbrageous canopy, and I have shared with my companion his travelling provender, a few small balls of sugar mixed with spices, and hardened into a paste with flour. Invariably have I found two or three of these balls, and a draught of water, the best possible restorative and even a stimulus to renewed exertion.

“ During crop time in the West Indies the negroes, although then hard worked, become fat, healthy, and cheerful, and the horses, mules, cattle, &c., on the estate, partaking of the refuse of the sugar-house, renew their plumpness and strength. In Cochín-China, not only are the horses, buffaloes, elephants, &c. all fattened with sugar, but the body-guard of the king are allowed a sum of money daily with which they must buy sugar-canes, and eat a certain quantity thereof, in order to preserve their good looks and *embonpoint* ; there are about 500 of these household troops, and their handsome appearance does honour to their food and to their royal master. Indeed, in Cochín-China, rice and sugar is the ordinary breakfast of people of all ages and stations ; and the people not only preserve all their fruits in sugar, but even the greater part of their leguminous vegetables, gourds, cucumbers, radishes, artichokes, the grain of the lotus, and the thick fleshy leaves of the aloes. I have eaten in India, after a six month's voyage, mutton killed in Leadenhall-market, preserved in a cask of sugar, and as fresh as the day it was placed on the shambles. [In the curing of meat, I believe a portion of *sugar* is mixed with salt and saltpetre.] The Kandyans of Ceylon preserve their venison in earthen pots of honey, and after being thus kept two or three years, its flavour would delight Epicurus himself.

“ In tropical climes the fresh juice of the cane is the most efficient remedy for various diseases, while its healing virtues are felt when applied to ulcers and sores. Sir John Pringle says, the plague was never known to visit any country where sugar composes a material part of the diet of the inhabitants. Drs. Rush, Cullen, and other eminent physicians, are of opinion that the frequency of malignant fevers of all kinds is lessened by the use of sugar ; in disorders of the breast it forms an excellent demulcent, as also in weaknesses and acrid defluxions in other parts of the body. The celebrated Dr. Franklin found great relief from the sickening pain of the stone, by drinking half-a-pint of syrup of coarse brown sugar before bed-time, which he declared gave as much, if not more relief, than a dose of opium. That dreadful malady, once so prevalent on shipboard, scurvy, has been completely and instantaneously stopped, by putting the afflicted on a sugar diet. The diseases arising from worms, to which children are subject, are prevented by the use of sugar, the love of which seems implanted by nature in them ; as to the unfounded assertion of its injuring the teeth, let those who make it visit the sugar plantations and look at the negroes and their children, whose teeth are daily employed in the mastication of sugar, and they will be convinced of the absurdity of the statement. I might add many other facts relative to this delightful nutriment. I conclude, however, with observing, that I have tamed the most savage and vicious horses with sugar, and have seen the most

ferocious animals domesticated by means of feeding them with an article which our baneful fiscal restrictions and erroneous commercial policy has checked the use of in England, where millions pine, sicken, and perish for want of nutriment."

The origin of that greatest of all the abominations which men or angels ever witnessed, we mean West India slavery, is thus given:—

"When the Spaniards found how rapidly the aboriginal or Indian population of the West India isles perished under the system of forced labour, and beneath the tyranny of their rule, the expedient of introducing negro slaves from Africa was resorted to, and that infernal traffic in human blood and agony—doubly cursed to the enslaver and enslaved—sprang into deadly and ferocious activity. The example of the Spaniards was soon followed by the Portuguese, Dutch, French, and English; companies for the horrid traffic were formed: monopolies granted, and kings, princes, and nobles enriched their coffers with the price of human blood.

"About *thirty millions* of our fellow creatures have been dragged from their native homes, shipped like cattle in chains to a distant land, worked like the beast of the field, shot like dogs if they murmured forth a claim in behalf of humanity; and finally they have (with few exceptions) pined and perished under the cruelties, avarice, and brutality, of a handful of Europeans, for of the thirty millions exported from Africa to the West Indies since the commencement of the sixteenth century, not half a million of the original slaves, or of their unmixed descendants, are now in existence!"

We never could bring ourselves to think of this accursed system without feeling the blood boiling in our veins, and without blushing at the humiliating fact that men who were the advocates and abettors of this system could not, only by the ordinary ties of humanity, claim a brotherhood with us, but that, as if desirous of trying how they could offer the greatest outrage to Christianity, professed to be its disciples while defending and approving that system in its most atrocious and iniquitous forms. But thank heaven and the voice of a British and a Christian public, that system no longer exists to disgrace the name and the land of Englishmen. Mr. Martin forcibly describes its withering and desolating effects, and exults at its overthrow:—

"In the West India chronicles for three hundred years I find nothing but wars, usurpations, crimes, misery and vice: no green spot in the desert of human wretchedness on which the mind of a philanthropist would love to dwell; all—all is one revolting scene of infamy, bloodshed, and unmitigated woe. *Slavery* (both Indian and Negro) that blighting Upas, has been the curse of the West Indies; it has accompanied the white colonist, whether Spaniard, Frenchman, or Briton, in his progress, tainting, like a plague, every incipient association, and blasting the efforts of man, however originally well disposed by its demon-like influence over the natural virtues with which his Creator had endowed him—leaving all dark, and cold, and desolate within.

"But now a glorious and happier era burst upon the Western World, it diffuses the light of a new existence over the soul, *Liberty* is the spirit it has awakened; already her voice resounds along the beautiful hills and through the fertile vallies of the West, and is swept over the ocean to the uttermost bounds of the earth. Long may England wear the crown of glory that encircles her with a halo far brighter than that of all her conquests and battles; millions of the human race will bless her name for

ages to come, and Afric's swarthy sons will pour forth prayers for her honour and prosperity to the Giver of all good. She was the last nation in Europe to enter into that accursed traffic of human beings, to her eternal honour be it said, she was the first to relinquish it—to strike the manacle from the slave, to bid the bond go free!

"Tell me not that Christianity has no power over the soul when I witness the consummation of this splendid act, of which the history of paganism affords no parallel. Slavery we are told existed from the period when time was, and for four thousand years has continued to afflict the earth; under the benign influence of our Christian faith it ceases on the *first day of August, Eighteen Hundred and Thirty-four!* it ceases throughout an empire on which the sun never sets; and myriads 'redeemed, regenerated, disenthralled,' walk forth in all the majesty of freedom."

Yes! Mr. Martin, it is to Christianity that we are to ascribe the eternal annihilation of slavery in the British dominions. Who was the first to proclaim the wrongs of the poor fettered African? Was it not Mr. Wilberforce, a man whose whole life, in public and private, was regulated by the precepts of Christianity? And who were they who instituted and composed and supported the Anti-Slavery Society—were they not a body of men distinguished for their attachment to the Christian religion? And whence or from whom did the myriads of petitions emanate which year after year poured in on the legislature, praying for liberty to the captive slave? Were they not—at least the great majority of them—from Christian churches and chapels in all parts of the kingdom? We sometimes hear of the benevolence and humanity of deism. Alas! had the poor Africans been left to its tender mercies, the lash and the chain, and all the horrors of slavery, would have been their portion till "the crack of doom."

LESSONS FOR THE LITERATI.

THE SILKWORM AND THE SPIDER.

FROM THE SPANISH OF YRIARTE.

Once on a time, an ill-bred spider,
Of her curious weaving proud,
Addressed a silkworm, who, beside her,
Calmly spun his silken shroud.

"Mister Silkworm, what d'ye say
To the web before my cell?
The whole, the work of half-a-day,
Don't it look delicate and well?"

"It does look well, and that is all,"
The silkworm answer'd from his ball.

THE ANT AND THE FLEA.

Some persons have a way of claiming
 All knowledge that is worth the naming,
 Men who, whate'er they hear or see,
 However new and rare it be,
 Meet it with some contemptuous phrasing,
 To spare themselves the pains of praising.
 Now, by the soul of me, this class
 Shall not my burning ordeal pass,
 Without a fable with them taking,
 Although it be a day in making.

An ant once shew'd a flea, her neighbour,
 Th' effects of all her toil and labour ;
 The whole construction of her dwelling,
 Explaining ev'ry part, and telling
 The uses of each sep'rate story ;
 The granary—the dormitory—
 Shew'd with what ease the grain they bear in,
 The task amongst such numbers sharing,
 And other things, which, feign'd or fabled,
 Might seem, if we were not enabled
 By study and experience due,
 To know and hold them all as true.

The flea, to all this information,
 Vouchsafed no other observation
 Than sentences like these :—"ha—so—
 I understand—of course—I know—
 I see—'tis clear—quite obvious that—
 I don't see much to wonder at."

"Then," said the ant, "I wish you'd come
 With me, my friend, and in our home,
 For our advantage, let us see
 A proof of your proficiency.
 You speak in such a master-tone,
 'Twill be no sooner said than done."

The flea with impudence unshamed,
 Cut a light caper and exclaim'd,
 "Surely you do not mean to doubt
 My skill to work such trifles out ;
 'Tis but t' apply one's-self—but stay—
 I am busy now—another day."

THE ZOOLOGIST AND THE WEASELS.

Upon a garden's sunny side,
A sage zoologist espied
Two weasels once, he seized the prize,
And bore them home t' anatomize.
One that was plump (for one was slim),
He takes and slaughters, limb by limb;
The microscope he next applies,
He views the legs, the tail, the eyes;
Looks o'er each part, without—within—
Head, back, intestines, belly, skin;
He takes his pen, then looks once more,
Writes a few lines and reads them o'er,
And when his notes are full and plain,
Turns to the butchery again.
While yet his zeal is quite alive,
Some virtuoso friends arrive,
To whom he shews what he has written.
Some are with admiration smitten—
Some hear with coldness his reflections—
Some question—others raise objections.

Th' anatomizing mania over,
At length began he to discover
He'd had enough of weasels, so
He let the slim survivor go.
Soon as her ancient haunts she found,
The neighbours all came flocking round,
And she proceeded to declare,
The whole unheard and strange affair.
"There's not a doubt," (she thus went on),
"With my own eyes I saw it done,
I did the man a whole day mark, as
He bent o'er our poor friend's carcase.
Who calls us reptile now?—how long
Shall we submit to such a wrong,
When we have qualities invitin'
Such eager search, such careful writing?—
My noble brethren—give not way!
They know our worth whate'er they say."

And miserable authors, who
 Are treated so, will think so too,
 Whom too much honour does befall
 If they are criticised at all.
 A superficial view and slight,
 Befits the nonsense that they write ;
 So make much fuss about a weasel
 But gives encouragement to these ill-
 Minded things to shout away,
 " They know our worth whate'er they say."

THE GREAT AND THE SMALL BELL.

In a cathedral tower, there hung
 A mighty sounding bell, that rung
 On high and solemn days alone,
 In slowest time and deepest tone,
 Nor did it tolling ever go
 Beyond a dozen strokes or so ;
 For this, and for its size and sound,
 Its fame had spread the country round.

Within the city's bounds was rated
 A hamlet poorly populated.
 With a poor church decay'd by age
 And belfry like an hermitage,
 A small crack'd bell performing there
 The most important character.
 The villagers, who wished to have
 Chimes equal those the great bell gave,
 Resolv'd the crack'd and jingling thing
 Should likewise slow and seldom ring,
 'Till with the country-folks, at last
 The small bell for a great bell pass'd !

Likely enough—grave looks alone
 Oft veil a fool, and many a one
 Scarce deigns to ope his lips, and tries
 In such a way to ape the wise.

R. A.

NIGHTS IN THE GALLEY.—FOURTH YARN.

THE next night I went on shore, and was thereby prevented hearing what passed in that receptacle of news on board a ship, "The Galley." But I rather suspect some very important question had been discussed; for, when I took my station on the following night, I found Will Gibbon, Jack Murray, and Tom Bennett in earnest conversation. I could not understand, from the part of the argument that I heard, what was the subject, having arrived only in time to hear the few following words:—

"You be d——d, Jack, for a yarner; you don't mean to say that, do ye, lad?" said Will Gibbon.

"Ay, that I do, bo'; and what's more nor that, I heerd the first-leutenant say it myself."

"Well," said Tom, "howsomnever it may be, I don't care; for I'm sure the first-luff would do no harm to none of us."

"You are right there, lad," said Jack; "so now let's have a yarn. Come, Will, it's your turn now.—I say, you cook's-mate's minister's playfellow, tip's a light, will you?" said Jack, to a worthless rascal, who had been put in the galley to assist the cook's-mate after the first-lieutenant had tried him in all other situations, but found him so stupid and lazy that nothing else could be done with him. "Come, bear a fist, you lazy son of a sea-cook, or I'll freshen your hawse," said Jack; who, being a smart, active fellow himself, had no mercy on what sailors term, "a king's hard bargain." This fellow knew Jack too well to delay; and after he had given him a light, Will was unanimously called upon to contribute to the amusement of the galley-rangers.

"I say, Will," said Bob Short, "I should like to hear about that action as Captain Smith fought in the Millbrook against a frigate. Was you in her at the time?"

"Ay was I, lad; I was his coxswain; he was only a luff-tackle then, and made for the action."

"Well, let's have it, Will, and I'll spin you a yarn arterwards, if there's time," said Jack Murray.

The short pipe was stuck in one corner of the mouth, and having settled himself on the quarter-tackle, with his listeners around him, after a preliminary cough, always used by Jack as well as boarding-school misses, to command silence and attention, he commenced:—

"Well, I think it was some time in 1807, as Leutenant Smith commissioned of us at Plymouth. We was a schooner with sixteen guns, fitted on the non-recoil principle, and sent to cruize off Lisbon, Oporto, and that ere coast. One morning it was quite a calm, we was off the bar of Oporto, when we seed a large convoy o' marchantmen in the offing that we took for English; and a little while afterwards we spied what looked like a French two-and-thirty; she was becalmed as well as us; and Captain Smith (we always called him Captain for all he was only a luff, 'cause you know he was skipper) thought if a

breeze sprung up, she'd grab all the marchantmen, so he determined to bring her to action, as that was the only way he could save the convoy; her being double our size was nothing to him, for he would have fought the devil if he had met the old 'feller' at sea. Well, he turns the hands up, and orders us all aft to speak to us; when we comed up, he says, 'Now, lads,' says he, 'there's a French frigate with as many guns on one side of the deck as we have altogether, and every gun most likely double our weight (for we had only eighteen-pounders, you know); all one for that,' says he, 'it makes us just equal—two French to one English is all right. It's ten o'clock—now, lads, we'll just take that craft,' says he, 'and then we'll pipe to dinner, and splice the main-brace—what do you say, lads?' So we answered him with three cheers; and he turned the hands up, 'sweep ship.' Out went our sweeps, and away we pulled towards the enemy; when we got just near enough to see her well, but not within gunshot, we beat to quarters; and when we were already, we manned our sweeps again, and pulled up. Directly we came within gunshot, she let fly a broadside, which did not do much damage, except to our rigging. We soon laid our sweeps in; we were close to her now, and we began to pelt away; and by the time she had fired three broadsides, we had fired eleven. It was devilish hot work; the skipper kept cheering us up, telling us he was determined to fight the schooner as long as she would swim; and we knew he was a sailor, and could manage her, so we kept at it, firing three broadsides to her one for an hour and a half, till our rigging was all cut to pieces, and our masts shot through and through. At last we thought it was all over—the skipper was wounded in the left arm; but no matter for that, he would not leave the deck or haul the colours down; he still swore he'd go down with the buntin flying. Howsomnever, it didn't last much longer, for she'd had enough of it, and down went her colours. The moment as we saw that, we knocked off firing, and launched our boom-boat over the side, but she would not live; she was pierced all over with shot, and directly she was in the water she filled. We then tried our quarter-boats—they were a d——d sight worse; so we could not take possession until we had repaired them. It was quite calm, and our rigging and hull were so cut up that we couldn't have moved if there had been any breeze; she was not half so bad as we were. While we was repairing damages as well as we could, a little breeze sprung up; she set sail, and away she went. We couldn't stir, tack or sheet; we fired at her, but it was no use—she got safe off, and anchored at Vigo, and we ran into Oporto that evening. All the convoy was English; and if we hadn't fought, they would have been nabbed every man Jack of them; there was fifty sail of convoy. We heard afterwards that it was the famous Belloon (Belone) of Bordeaux, that took so many prizes in the war time; she had two hundred and fifty men on board, and out of them twenty was killed, and forty-five wounded. We had forty-seven men altogether, and out o' them five killed and ten wounded; she carried twenty-four long-eighteens, and eight thirty-six pound carronades; so she was a little bigger nor us, but we thrashed her, and I believe we would have thrashed any thing we

came across, for we were all a d——d sight more frightened at the captain's eye than we were at the enemy's shot. He turned the hands up in the evening, told us we had fought well, and spliced the main-brace; and in two days our damages were repaired. The skipper told us he should go and look for the Belloon, and that she should not escape from him again, if he once got alongside; so we got underweigh, but never could meet her again. Howsomnever, the skipper got promoted, and had some plate given him by the marchants, owners of the ships he had saved; and soon after that he was appointed to the Comus, and I went with him; and I only wish he could get a ship now, and I'll be d——d if I wouldn't rather sail with him nor any man in the sarvice."

"So would I, so would I, that's the cove as I likes," said half-a-dozen fellows. "Come, Jack, take up the cudgels; at it again, keep it up; we've only got another hour."

"Pass the word for Jack Murray there, fore'd (forward)," sung out the boatswain's-mate.

"Here am I, lad," answered Jack; "what's the matter now?"

"Away there aft, on the quarter-deck; the first-leaftenant wants you; I've been singing out till my mouth is so dry I could drink a pint o' rum. Will you give me your grog to-morrow, Jack?"

"Give you my grog!" said Jack; "why, I thought you didn't like grog."

"No more I do, lad; but I can drink it as well as those that do. But, I say, the first-luff wants you—away with you."

"Ay! ay! wait till I come back, lads."

"No, no," says Bob Short, "I'll spin you a bit o' a yarn till Jack comes back."

This offer was received with great satisfaction; and Bob began:—"It was my father as told me the yarn; I knows nothing about it myself, no more nor he told me, 'cause you see as how I warn't born when it happened; but howsomnever it was when my father was captain o' the foretop on board o' the Hermione—the golden Hermione, as she was called, 'cause she always took such rich prizes. She was fitted out at Plymouth, and my father entered there. The first leaf-tenant told him he had no petty-officer's ratings to give him, and offered him able seaman's, but, my father wouldn't take that; and, after a good deal of palaver, he made him captain of the fore-top. They were a long time fitting out; and after they were all ready, it was a good while afore her orders came down from the Admiralty to put to sea. At last they came, and away they went to cruise off Cadiz. Tiresome work enough that cruising! I hate it; backing and filling off the coast; seeing the shore and all the good things, and not being able to get so much as a glass of grog; but, howsomnever, there's no help for it, somebody must do it, you know. They were rather comfortable though, on board this here ship, 'cause they had plays on board, and all that sort o' fun; and there was one feller, an old fauksleman (forecastle-man), who amused them a good deal; he used to stutter so terribly when he spoke, that you couldn't understand a word of what he said; but, when he sung, he didn't feel it, they could all understand him well enough then, and a devilish good singer

he was, too. One day they had a good laugh at the old feller ; it was towards the evening ; they had been standing in shore all day, and they turned the hands up at sunset to tack ship and shorten sail, to stand out under easy sail all night. It was blowing rather fresh, with a good swell running ; she had both courses on her, with double-reefed topsails, and top-gallant-sails. Up comes the skipper, I forget his name, and tells the first-leaftenant to turn the hands up, shorten sail, and about ship. 'Ay ! ay ! Sir.'—'Stations,' cries the skipper. 'Ready, oh ! ready.'—'Down with the helm.'—'The helm's down, Sir,' reported the quarter-master. 'The helm's a lee—raise tacks and sheets—haul well taut—mainsail haul—down with the main-tack, lads—head-braces, quick, belay the main-tack—fore-tack—head-bowlines let go and haul—round with the head-yards, lads—belay the fore-brace—fore-topsail yards, well—belay the fore-topsail brace—haul taut the weather-braces.' Now it was 'Hands shorten sail—top-gallant yardmen, aloft ; stand by to take in your top-gallant sails—man the fore and main clew-garnets—jib down haul—man the foretop-mast staysail haulyards—stand by to hoist the foretop-mast staysail, when we shorten sail.'—'Ay ! ay ! Sir,' answered the second-leaftenant, who was carrying on fore'd. 'Are you ready fore'd ?' sung out the skipper. 'All ready, Sir,' says the second-luff. 'Shorten sail, hoist away.' Away went every thing. Old John Law (that was the stutterer's name) was stationed with another fauksleman in the lee fore-chains, to clear away the fore-sheet. All at once he jumped over the hammock-nettings, and went aft on the quarter-deck, like a mad feller ; when he got there, he began to point to the helm, and then overboard, stammering and stuttering till every one was in a roar of laughter, the captain and all ; but he still went on, trying to speak : at last the first-leaftenant said, 'Sing it, and be d—d to you' (for no one could tell what was the matter) ; directly the first-luff told him that, he began, 'There is a man overboard—overboard—overboard, there—there—there (pointing to the lee-quarter), down—down with the helm, down—down ; be quick, or you'll lose him ; be quick—be quick.' The moment he had finished his song the helm was clapt down, the life-buoy let go—the main-yard squared, and the lee cutter lowered—his hammock was taken down to the galley, the blankets warmed, and every thing ready. At last they picked him up, looking just as if he was dead, every body thought he was ; but the surgeon ordered him to be taken into the galley, stripped, and laid in the warm blankets, before the fire ; and after rubbing him well with flannels, and pouring warm wine down his throat with a squirt for about an hour, they managed to bring him to ; but he would have been drowned as sure as the world if the first-leaftenant hadn't thought to tell old Law to sing it. After that he was always called the singer. Well, this was something out of the way, and amused them all, and kept them alive for a bit ; but they soon began to be precious tired of cruising, without taking a single prize. In this way they kept backing, and filling, standing in shore all day, and drifting out under easy sail all night. This lasted for about a fortnight ; when, one morning, just after they had tacked ship, and made sail, to stand in as usual for the day, the man at the mast-head

saw something to windward, bearing down under all sail for the port. Directly they saw this, they clapped every stitch of sail on her—'Man the royal halyards—topmen, aloft; shake out all reefs—keep her clean full, quarter-master,' says the skipper. 'Ay! ay! Sir.' She was getting close to them now, and directly she saw them, she shortened sail, and tried to escape, by coming to the wind; but it was no go. After chasing her for about half an hour, they got within gun-shot, and fired at her. She saw she had no chance of escape, and afraid the frigate would take a better aim next time, she hauled her colours down, and squared her main-yard. Directly they seed that, down went the cutter, and a luff, a reef, and the boat's crew went to take possession; when they got on board, they found she was one o' them Spanish galloons (galleons) as every body wanted to grab in the war-time. Well, they put twenty hands a-board, with a luff, to take charge of her; and the next day she sailed in company with the frigate for Plymouth; where they arrived, and got their prize-money paid. They were all well up for money; and, as they did not know what to do with it, they determined that every man should have a gold laced hat, like the skipper's; and when they went on shore, on leave, they bought each of them one, and the next day they all appeared on deck in their gold-laced fore-and-afters; and just before dinner, as they were almost all on deck, a shore-boat comes alongside, with one o' the foretopmen in it, and some o' the fellers looking overboard, saw that he hadn't got a gold-lacer, but only a silver one; so they all said it was a shame, and agreed to go aft to the first-lieutenant, and ask him not to let the feller come on board; but, just as they were going aft, the feller tried to come up the side, but he was soon stopped, and asked why he hadn't a gold-laced hat on like the rest on 'em. They wouldn't hear what he had to say at first, but went on abusing him for a stingy son of a gun; at last they consented to hear him, and then he told them he had tried everywhere to get one with gold-lace, but he couldn't, as there wasn't one left in the town, so he took a silver one, but made the land-crab take the same money as for a gold one. When they heard this, they were all satisfied, and allowed him to come on board, which was nothing but right, 'cause you know, it wasn't the poor feller's fault that he couldn't find a gold-laced hat, and if he paid for one, that was all that he could do—don't you think so, lads?"

"Why, yes," said Jack Murray, who had returned from the quarter-deck some time, and who now gave his opinion on this important question with the look of an oracle—"why, yes, sartainly, if so be as how he paid the same number of yellow boys for the silver one as the others did for their gold ones, he could not do no more, so they ought to have let him come on board; but if he hadn't, I'll be d——d if he should, if I'd had any thing to do with it. What do you say, Will?"

"Sartainly he shouldn't," said Will; "a man has his prize-money to spend, and he's no right to keep it screwed up in his pocket like old Nibcheese."

"To be sure he arn't no right at all," said Tom Bennett; and they all appeared to be perfectly agreed that the man would have

committed an inexpressible offence had he not paid the full price of a gold fore-and-after.

"But I say, Jack," said Will Gibbon, "what did the first-luff want with you?"

"Oh, about that 'ere fore-topsail-yard; he's going to shift it to-morrow, and he asked if it was all ready, so that we might be smart."

"What are you going to shift it for—is there any thing the matter with it?"

"No, nothing the matter, only for exercise; but I must go get a hawser up, and when I come back I'll tip you a stave that shall astonish you all; we shall have plenty of time, 'cause they arn't a going to pipe the hammocks down till eight bells to-night."

"Well, well, lad, bear a hand, but remember that you arn't coming your double recover over me with your yarns; I've doubled both Capes, my bo'," said Will Gibbon; "so when you want to do that sort o' thing, you had better tell it to the marines; the blue jackets won't believe you, lad."

"Oh! very well," said Jack, "dog eat dog, won't do; you must swear to what I say, and I'll take my oath you never told a lie in your life;" and away flew Jack.

Tom Bennett then signified his intention of spinning 'em a little bit o' a yarn, just to fill up the time till Jack returned, who was universally allowed to be the best yarner on board.

"But I say, lads, before I begin," said Tom, "whose the feller as will give me a pipe of bacche, for I arn't got none cut up?" A dozen tobacco-boxes were immediately thrust forward, for Tom was a general favourite among the ship's company, being a smart sailor and a good-tempered fellow. After having selected one of the many offers, he filled his pipe, and having lit it, it was immediately stuck in one corner of his mouth, that it might not prevent the use of the tongue, and after two or three preliminary puffs, by way of tasting his tobacco, he commenced,—“When I first went to sea I entered on board the old *Endymion*, a forty-six, and at that time one o' the largest frigates in the service, 'cause you know we had none o' them razers then, such as the *Barham Alfred* or them sort; and precious lucky a fellow thought himself to get into such a craft; they were the ones for making prize-money—sailed like a witch—soon went down to her bearings, but when she was once there, she was as stiff as a church. Well, we were sent up this way, and we went up the *Arches* (Jack always, and indeed many others who are more enlightened, calls the *Archipelago* the *Arches*), joined the admiral at *Smyrna*, and after lying there some time, we got our orders to go to *Vourla* and water, and then make our way to cruise off *Milo*, but to come back to *Smyrna* to get our orders, and take a convoy of merchantmen with us, 'cause you know *Vourla* is no more nor twenty-two or three miles, the ship's boats used to run down there to take the 'hofficers' to shoot. Well, the captain was to dine with the admiral that day, and we to start in the evening after he had done dinner; so directly the skipper left us to go on board the admiral to dinner, we turned the hands up unmoor—there it was, you know, 'Carpenters, ship the bars.'—‘Tell the master's mate of the main-

deck to bring to the best bower-anchor.' He reported all ready. 'Man the bars,' says the first-leaftenant, and a devil of a pull we had, for it's devilsh good holding ground at Smyrna. 'Thick and dry for weighing,' sings out the first luff. 'Hold well on below—heave lads—heave together cheerly.' And we did heave cheerly, for we all liked the skipper and first-luff very well, they were both good sailors and good fellows. Well, after heaving away for a long time, we at last got it out of the ground. 'It's all your own now, lads; run away with it.' Away we ran—heave and a wash. 'Paul the capstan—man the catfall—pay out the cable,' sung out the boatswain. 'All ready with the cat, Sir,' reported the second-luff, who was on the falksle. 'Walk away with the cat.' And up it went to the tune of Jack Robinson. 'Then man the fish.' And up we ran it just as quick as we'd done the cat, for the first-leaftenant made us do our duty, and never would forgive any skulking."

"Perfectly right," says Will Gibbon; "if a hoffer forgives a skulk, he punishes the good sailors."

"To be sure he does," says Tom Bennett; "and our first-luff never did—he treated us all devilsh well; but he knew his own duty, did it, and made every body do theirs; and I've been five-and-thirty years aboard of a man-of-war, and I always found those ships the most comfortable for the men where there was the strictest discipline; but howsumnever, I'm digesting, as that d—d sea-lawyer the sergeant o' marines says, when he's telling a rigmarole yarn that's nothing to do with what one's talking about."

"What do you mean by calling me a sea-lawyer?" said the sergeant of marines, who was standing very near our group of Solomons, employed in some (no doubt) very edifying conversation with the captain's cook;—"what do you mean by calling me a d—d sea-lawyer, you hignoramus, you as what can't read Johnson's Dictionary! I pity your ignorance, you barbarian," said the sergeant, with a look of (as he would call it) inheffible contempt.

"Come, sargeant, don't begin to spin a yarn, 'cause you launch so many five-deckers as would break a feller's jaws to repeat them, and makes a feller almost deaf to hear them," said Tom Bennett.

"Don't stand palavering with that feller, but go on with your yarn."

"Pray who do you call a feller?—but what can you expect from a pig but a grunt?" said the sergeant, turning his back upon them, and appealing to the captain's cook, who he had often been heard to affirm was the only man of any "larning" on board. Our galley rangers, saved from the sergeant's long ships, were at liberty to listen to Tom, who was immediately called upon to resume his yarn:—

"Well, lads, where did I leave off?—for I'm d—d if I haven't been digesting now till I've forgotten where I was."

"Oh! you had just fished your anchor."

"Ay, ay! I remember now. Well, then, we hove short on the small bower, and waited quietly till nine o'clock, when the skipper comes on board and orders us to hands up anchor; it was now quite dark, but a fair wind, and the pilot knew the channel; so away we went, and in about two hours we were just going to run in as we

thought, when the master says, 'Pilot,' says he, 'are you sure this is the harbour? I don't think so.'—'Oh! yes, I am sure, Sir; I have been here often enough to see it without eyes.' And sure enough he hadn't used his eyes that time; for he had hardly time to tell the master how sure he was of the place, when bump—bump went the ship on a nice muddy bottom; there we were hard and fast. Luckily there is no tide in the Mediterranean, so we had no fear of being left high and dry. The skipper was below; up he ran—'Where are we, pilot?—this is a d—d bad look out, Sir; you told me you knew this place as well as a Channel groper does Falmouth.'—'She'll be off in a minute, Sir,' says the pilot, looking very foolish, as you may suppose; 'only carry your kedge out astern, you'll heave her off in a minute, Sir.' The boats were out in a twinkling, and the kedge was carried out and brought to the capstan; but it wouldn't do—we hove away with all our might, but it was no go; she didn't stir tack or sheet. It was now two o'clock, and as it had fallen quite calm, the skipper piped the hammocks down, and told us to turn in for four hours. Down we went, and at six o'clock that morning he turned the hands up, got the best and small bower anchors out on each quarter, and backed them with the sheet, and spare-manned the capstan, and hove away, but d—d a bit would she stir. 'Heave cheerly, lads,' cries the skipper, but it wouldn't do; we couldn't move her a peg. 'We must start our water,' says the skipper (we had only a hundred tons on board). 'Hadn't you better get the guns out, Sir?' says the first-leutenant, touching his hat. 'No, no, Ridly' (that was the first-luff's name), 'we'll try her with her water out first, it's only to get our guns out at last if that won't do. Now, lads,' says the skipper, 'I must have you put your whole strength out, and work cheerly together. Ridly, pipe belay. I'll give the men their breakfasts, and splice the main-brace, and after that we shall get on better.'—'Ay, ay, Sir; pipe to breakfast. Send the purser here; get the spirits up;' and after we'd had half an hour to breakfast, and a tot of grog each, we were all alive again. Up comes the skipper—'Turn the hands up—man the pumps—we worked heartily now, and in half an hour all our water was out. 'Now man the capstan, lads.' Away we flew, manned the bars well, and put a man to every swifter; we worked like horses, but we couldn't move her any more nor we could Portsmouth church. After we had been heaving to no purpose for some time, 'Avast heaving,' says the skipper; 'paul the capstan.'—'We shall be obliged to get out our guns, I think, Sir,' said the first-luff, looking at the skipper. 'Not yet, Ridly, I'll try her once more, and then if we don't succeed, we'll get our guns out. Unship the bars, lads, send the boatswain aft here.' Aft he came. 'Now, lads,' says the skipper, 'jump over every man of you to the starboard side of the deck; send every soul up from below, and look out, when the boatswain pipes run over altogether to the other side of the deck. Pipe,' says the skipper, and away we all ran. 'Now, look out again, lads,' and away we went—six times rallied her well. 'Now, ship the bars quick, boys; swift away, carpenters—man the bars and swiftness well—heave now cheerly, heave!—a quarter master in the chains; drop the lead, and see if she moves: heave!'—'She

moves, Sir,' reported the quarter-master. 'Heave, lads, heave! she'll go directly;' and after a little, off she went. We soon got our anchors up, and in an hour we were in Vourla harbour. We carried two hundred tons of water, and as we were in a hurry we began directly after dinner, and were full the next forenoon—that warn't bad work, was it, lads?"

"No, no," said Will Gibbon, "that was smart enough; did you water all night."

"No, lad, that we didn't; we worked no later nor four bells in first watch."

"Well, after we completed our water, we got under weigh, and off we went to Smyrna; the wind was dead on end, so we had to beat up; but, however, we got up all right in about six hours, and were all ready to take our convoy. We had a laughable thing happened here; an Irishman we had on board was named M'Clair, and a wild scamp he was; there was no taming him, do what you would; he had been flogged about a dozen times, and I don't think he was out of the black list for a week tog ether all the time the ship was in commission. Well, o' course, when we anchored at Smyrna, we put sentries on the gangways, and none, only the 'hofficers,' were allowed to go on shore; so one night, as it might be to-night, we were going to sail to-morrow morning with the convoy—it was the last dog-watch, there were no luffs on deck, 'cause they usen't to keep watch in harbour—up comes somebody by the companion, with a cocked hat and sword, and a great boat-cloak, and says to the reefer of the watch, 'Man the jolly-boat.'—'Ay! ay! Sir," said the reefer; he didn't know him, but he thought he was some strange luff from the flag-ship, as a number of them had been on board dining in the gun-room. Well, the jolly was manned and all ready; up goes the reefer to the luff, touches his hat, and says, 'The boat's man'd, Sir.'—'Very well,' say the luff, and walks to the gangway to go over the side; the sentry shouldered arms, and he was just going to step over the side, when the sentry sings out, 'Who are you? you've got no shoes or stockings on!' and immediately seizes hold of the feller by the collar, and pulls him aboard. 'G—d d—n it,' says the feller, 'I'm caught, I forgot to put on shoes;' when he said that, he threw off his cloak, and who should it be but Paddy M'Clair! He was put under the sentry's charge while the reefer went down to tell the first-luff what had happened. Up he comes: 'Bring M'Clair aft here.' Aft he comes. 'You're a pretty blackguard, ar'n't you now?' says the first-luff. 'Pray were were did you get that cocked hat, sword, and cloak?'—'Why, please, Sir,' says Paddy, 'I wanted to go on shore very much, and as I was passing the midshipman's berth I saw there was nobody there, so I just went in and took these things; but I assure you, Sir, I meant to put them back to-morrow—I hope your honour will forgive me.'—'Forgive you, you d—d rascal, for trying to desert; why, if I was to try you by a court-martial, you'd be hanged.' And so he would you know, then, in the war time. 'Put him both legs in irons, master-at-arms.' And the next day the skipper had him brought to the gangway, and gave him five dozen.—But here's Jack Murray,

lads, so I won't tell you of the action we had arterwards, but leave it for another night, 'cause we shall only just have time to hear Jack; and besides I can't spin such twisters as him, so I mustn't say all at one time, or I shan't have no yarn to spin you another night. So now, Jack, let fly your jawing tacks, and run before it, lad, with a good yarn, as you knows how to spin."

"Wait a bit," said Jack, "I must get a light first, 'cause I can't talk without I'm either chewing or smoking; it keeps a feller's mouth moist. Well, there it is, that's all right now; what shall it be—a rape or murder?—the devil or a broomstick? any thing, lads, I can suit you to a T—from a penny whistle to a German flute—from a needle to an anchor. Did I ever tell you about my being taken away by the pirates—going on shore with them, and staying nearly six months, and then being taken again and escaping?"

"No, never, Jack; let's have it," said Will—"a thundering yarn it is, I suppose!"

"Come give it us, Jack," cried all hands.

"Well, here goes. It was when I was just out o' my time, I was only eighteen, and a good-looking chap I was, better than I am now, if possible (rubbing his chin at the time). I'd had enough o' the marchantmen, and I wanted to make some prize-money and see an action, so I determined to go on board a man-o'-war, and after I'd been at home about a fortnight along with the old folks, I got precious tired of the shore; so one morning I says, 'Father,' says I, 'don't you think I had better go to sea again, and try to get some money, for mine is almost out?'—'Yes, Jack,' says he, 'you must lose no time now; I should like you to go into a slashing frigate; them are the things to make money, and where I made lots if I hadn't been such a fool as to spend it the moment I got it, and sometimes before, for that matter.' So it was all agreed that I was to start the next day, go to Portsmouth, and try if I could find a good frigate to enter aboard of; so away I went by the stage, and when I got to Portsmouth, I found the *Diomedé*, Captain Clifford, fitting out. Away I goes aboard. 'Come on board to enter, Sir,' says I to the hoffer of the watch. 'Very well, my man,' says he, 'wait here while I tell the first-leutenant.' Up comes the first-luff. 'You want to enter do you, my man?'—'Yes, Sir,' says I.—'Have you served your time?'—'Yes, Sir.'—'Out of what port?'—'Bristol, Sir.'—'Can you take the helm and lead?'—'Yes, Sir,' says I.—'Where's the standing part of the maintopsail-brace?'—'Mizen-topmast-head, Sir.'—'Is it mark or deep at nine?'—'Deep, Sir,' says I. 'Well, you'll do, my man; have you been to sea since you served your time?'—'No, Sir,' says I, 'I'm just out of my time.'—'Well, I can only give you ordinary seaman's rating, and if you behave well I'll make you A.B. the first vacancy.' Down I went to the surgeon, and after that was entered on the books, and put in the fore-top; that was just what I wanted, the fore-top is the place for a young feller to learn his duty. Well, we soon got out of dock, and soon rigged, and our orders coming down a short time after, we got under weigh for Gib (Gibraltar, always called by the sailors old Gib). Our

skipper and first-luff were both very good fellers; the latter was an Irishman, and gave us lots of blarney, but treated us very well upon the whole; and when we got to old Gib, just arter we anchored, a feller came on board to enter; up he goes to the first-luff, who was standing on deck, talking to the boatswain. After he had asked him a few questions, he turned to the boatswain, who was a Scotchman, and said, 'Well, I think he'll do.' Now old Pipes didn't know the first-luff was an Irishman; so he said, 'Yes, Sir, he'll do, perhaps, but he's an Irishman, and an Irishman never was a sailor yet, and never will be.' The first-luff was a good-natured feller, and so he didn't say nothing, but burst out laughing, and looking at the boatswain—'Why, Mr. Truck, do you know I am an Irishman?'—'God bless my soul, Sir,' says the boatswain, 'I beg your pardon, but I didn't mean it to you.' 'Never mind, Mr. Truck, never mind; I'm sure you didn't mean any disrespect,' says the first-luff, who was a good-hearted feller, and never treated the boatswain badly afterwards, which many others would. Well, we remained at Gib some time, and then got orders to go up the Arches; so away we went, with a wet sail and a flowing sheet, as the old song says, and soon got off Milo, where we took in our pilot as usual, and on we went to Smyrna; but we had to call in our way at Egina and Poros for something—I forget what; and just after we had left the former place and were going on to Poros, we saw a long, rakish-looking boat with latine sails. 'That's a pirate, by God!' says the skipper; 'fire a blank cartridge for her to heave to.' The gunner fired one of the fauksle guns, but instead of its making her heave to, she clapt her helm up, and made for a little port under her lee, called Epidaurus. There it was—'Lower the cutters quick,' cries the skipper; 'the first-leaftenant will go in the first, and the second in the other cutter.' I belonged to the second cutter, and so in I jumped, taking my cutlass and a pair of pistols with me, and we soon shoved off from the ship, and pulled away after the boat. Just as we rounded the point we saw her trying to get on shore; she had got her oars out pulling away; we fired a volley of musketry after her, and she returned it, by which one of our men was wounded.—'Shove her head in shore, lads; we'll land and cut them off,' said the second-luff; the moment the boat reached the shore, we all jumped out, and run towards towards the point where we thought they would land; the first cutter was close in their wake, firing at her with muskets. Just as we got near the place that she was pulling for, whiz came a bullet from behind us, and down fell our second-luff, and one o' the men. 'Never mind me, lads,' said he, 'charge them; hurrah, lads, forward.' We turned round, headed now by the reeper, who took command; and just as we turned to see where the shot came from, about twenty fellers rushed upon us, firing off the muskets, which killed four of our men; we had now only two men and the reeper left, so we kept fighting and retreating down towards our boat; but the midshipman was cut down by one of the Greeks, and the other feller ran as fast as his legs would carry, and I was just going to follow his example, when two fellers got behind me and seized my arms; I was disarmed in a minute, bound, and

put on a donkey, and guarded by four fellers. I was carried up the country; I was in a nice plight now; I couldn't tell what they'd do with me, but I thought they'd just cut my throat, and have done with it. 'Very well,' said I to myself, 'it's not the most comfortable thing in the world for a feller, who has got a father and mother he wishes to see, to be murdered—but I can't help it, I suppose.' On we went; they couldn't speak any English, and I couldn't speak a word of their d——d outlandish lingo. At last we came to a wood of olives, a beautiful place it was to be sure; and after passing through a deep ravine with olive-trees on each side, and the sun just shining enough to make me know the value of the shade, we came to a little village. Just as we entered it about half a dozen men, better dressed than any I had yet seen, and well armed with silver-sheathed yataghans, met us, and after speaking to my guards a little while, I was unbound, taken from the donkey, and ordered by signs to follow them. As I passed through the street (for the village had only one) I could see most of the houses were very poor and dirty, and looked much better at a distance than when you came close to them. At last we came to a garden, and passing under an avenue of olive-trees, we came to a small house, but much more decent in appearance than any I had yet seen. The door was opened by a Greek, in rather a shabby dress; we passed him, and entered a small but neat room, very clean, with a sofa and several chairs. Here one of my new guards left us, and soon returned with two men, one very old, and the other a man I should think of my own age, who appeared to be his son; the young one spoke English, and after saying something to the eldest, who I afterwards found was his father, he asked me who I was. 'I am an English sailor,' said I.—'Are you an officer?'—'No.'—'Can you pay any thing for your liberty?'—'No.'—'Then you must be a servant here.' Well, I couldn't say any thing to that, so I made the best of a bad bargain, determined to escape as soon as I could. The young man had spoken to me in rather a kind tone, and seemed to pity me, for he said afterwards, as he was going out of the room, 'You shall be my sister's slave, and she won't treat you badly.' This made me hope that I should be able to prevail on him to let me escape, so I determined to do every thing they told me, and try to please them. After the young man and his father left the room, the men who had charge of me spread out a table, and put upon it some fish, fruits, brown bread, cheese, and plenty of wine, and made signs to me to sit down with them and eat. Well, I was precious hungry and thirsty too, so down I sat, and played a good game at the trencher. All the fellers that were with me seemed to forget that I had been fighting with them a couple of hours ago, and kept drinking to me, making me drink in their fashion, touching their glasses with mine, and saying, 'Drink, Inglis, drink.' At last they got up and made signs for me to follow them, and going with them out of the room, they led me into another, where I saw the old man, the young one, and a girl about seventeen—such a beautiful creature! my gum I never seed one so like an angel; she had black hair, braided and crossed over a forehead as white as marble, with

here and there a blue vein, just showing she had good blood in her, and such a pair of eyes! Oh! Will, I think I see them.'

"Where—where?" said Will, who was a staunch believer in ghosts, and feared them like a true Christian.

"No, no; well I only meant to say, I remember them quite well, as black as jet and sparkling like fire, it made me all on fire to look at them. Directly I got into the room the old man said something to his son in a surly tone, and the young man turning to me said, 'You are now to begin your duty; you are to work in my sister's garden, and do any thing she tells you; and my father says, if you ever disobey her he will kill you; but I am sure,' said he, in a kind tone, 'you will do all you can, and I'll try to make you comfortable.' Well, when I heard this, you may suppose I wasn't much afraid of the old cove killing me, for one couldn't help being pleased at doing any thing for such a pair of eyes as she had. But, howsomnever, I found working in the garden was not the only thing I had to do; for the next day, at about noon, the brother came to me, and said, 'You must get my sister's mule ready, and lead it for her, and I shall walk with you.' I forgot to tell you that the name of the young man was Yarnio Pothalimo, and his sister's Zuthea Pothalimo. Well, away I went with the same men who I dined with the day before, to get the mule ready, and led it out; and then Zuthea came out of the house, and was lifted up by her brother, and I took the bridle and walked, with Yarnio by her side, leading the mule on. We went through a beautiful country, woods of olives and plantations of grapes, till at last we came to a grove of sweet lemons; there we saw about thirty others, men, women, and children, with guitars, and things something like our fiddle that they call a catharox. When we got alongside them Zuthea was lifted down by her brother, and after kissing all the women and children, they walked a little further on to where there was fountain a running down over some stones; here, on a plot of grass, was spread out fish, fruits, wine, and all that; down they all sat, and I stood behind Zuthea, but directly she saw me, she motioned to me to sit down by her side, and her brother said, 'My sister says you are to sit down and enjoy yourself.' When he said this, she looked in my face with such a sweet smile on her pretty lips, that I could hardly help kissing them; but, however, I didn't, and only looked at her again, and said to her brother, 'You're sister is very kind to a poor prisoner, and he is very much obliged to her.' When her brother translated this to her, she blushed, smiled, and looked down, and seemed to be very melancholy for a little while; but she soon recovered, and told me through her brother to fill her a cup of wine, which I did, and offered it to her; she took it from me with a smile and just put it to her lips said, 'May you be happy!' and then gave it me and told me to drink it. I took it, and thanking her, I wished her happiness in return, and drank it off. After we had all sat a little time, they got up and began to dance, and a young Greek, not of our party, but one of those we met, came up to Zuthea and asked her to dance, and led her out; the brother did not dance, but stood by me looking on while they were dancing; he turned, looked at me and said, 'I wish you were a Greek, you should then be my friend—my brother, for I

have not got either,'—I answered, 'I had much rather he were an Englishman;' he smiled, and said 'that could not be.' I told him it was quite as impossible that I could be a Greek. 'No, no,' said he, 'it is not; though it's true you can't really be a Greek, you can be one of us.' I shook my head, and said I loved my country too much.—'Well,' he said, 'I won't say any more about it now—but look, the dance is done, you shall dance with my sister, unless you like any of the others better.'—'Oh! no,' said I, 'if your sister will dance with me, I shall be truly happy.'—'Come then,' said he, and after speaking a few words to Zuthea, she held out her hand, and I led her out: the dance was very easy, very much like our hops, and though I could not speak to my partner, I kept looking at her, and she answered me in that way. Well we went on dancing, singing, and talking till about nine, when we got ready to start home again, and having bid all our friends good-bye, we lifted Zuthea on her mule, and I led it, her brother walking by my side, with two guards before and two behind, as we came. As we went along Zuthea began to ask me a number of questions through her brother. 'How long have you been from England?'—'Eight months.'—'Couldn't you make up your mind to stay with us, if we make you our friend instead of our slave?' This was a difficult question to answer, for her bright eyes had made me doubt whether I couldn't manage to renounce my country and live always near them; but, however, I had a father and mother, and I had only been in one little skirmish, and that had made me wish to be in a good action; so I answered that I couldn't make up my mind to leave my country, that I was sure I should die if I had no chance of seeing it again. When I said this I looked at her, and I saw her bright eyes looking more bright by being filled with tears; she immediately began to talk very earnestly with her brother, and he appeared to be remonstrating with her; but I could not understand a word of what they said, and we soon arrived at home, when I went to bed and saw no more of her that night—"

"Strike the bell eight!" cried the sentry.

"Stand by hammocks," piped the boatswain.

"Hurrah! away I go," said Jack; "no more to-night, I'll finish it to-morrow."

"But I say, Jack," said Bob Short, "tell me one thing,—did you marry that 'ere girl?"

"Ah! ah! I dare say, tell you the end of my story first,—no, that won't do—you shall hear it all to-morrow night;" and away he flew to get his hammock down, but did not forget his promise,—for the next night I heard him finish it.

THE PHANTOM LAND.—PART I.

BY KENRICK VAN WINKLE.

I DREAMED that on some solitary shore
 Thoughtful I stood—what shore I cannot say—
 A sea rolled full in view with sullen roar—
 What sea I cannot tell—a waste it lay,
 A gloomy waste up-heaving evermore—
 A waste that I aspired to explore,
 And bring back tidings to the realms of day.

“Eternity! Eternity!”—I cried—
 “Eternity! whose nature I partake,
 Since mortal and immortal are allied
 In man’s unsearchably mysterious make—
 Eternity! my soul, unsatisfied,
 Pants to know more of thee, and of thy wide
 Dominion, so it be her thirst to slake.

“But who can hope, as on the solid ground,
 To tread thy airy realms? or who aright
 Can bend his way to thy remotest bound,
 Hid as it is in everlasting night;
 Or with a line and plummet who can sound
 Thy dark unknown, untractable, profound?
 Or who can soar to thy sublimest height!

“Thou hast a million lamps of purest light
 Hanging from thy ethereal dome—but all
 Are scarce sufficient to reveal to sight
 A hand-breadth of thy realm! Their flashes fall
 Blunted and quenched by circumambient night.
 In vain they urge the long unequal fight,
 No ray of their’s has ever reach’d thy wall!

* * * *

“Hail! habitation of creation’s Lord!
 Pavilion of the Deity! whose power,
 And will, and wisdom do to thee accord
 Thy grand existence! O, that I could tower
 To thy vast cupola on pinions broad,
 Or swim unharmed athwart the gulf abhorred,
 Though I brought back no amaranthine flower!

“But chiefly what betides th’ undying mind
 Affects me. The departed! where are they?
 How, with no star to lead me, shall I find
 Heaven’s happy precincts? or search out my way
 To that dim region where the sun ne’er shined?
 The shore to which the wicked are consigned—
 The shore where melancholy phantoms stray?”

I ceased—and, like one watching for the morn,
 I gazed upon the wide-spread sea below.
 Methought I saw a boat, but it was gone
 Ere I could tell if it were one or no ;
 And losing sight of it I felt forlorn.
 Yet still I gazed, nor were my eyes withdrawn
 Till they grew dim with tears, I strained them so.

I looked again with anxious eagerness,
 And once more saw it—or methought I did.
 My sadness now was changed to joy's excess—
 But, in an instant, it again was hid.
 Still gazing, in a minute's time or less,
 O'er a wave's giddy top I saw it press ;
 Then out of sight down its dark side it slid.

Again it mounted on a billow vast,
 Again into the vale of waves it sped,
 Though tossed about, it yet approached me fast ;
 But as it came I felt a secret dread ;
 And wild and strange imaginations past
 Athwart my mind. It reached the shore at last—
 Two men were in the boat I should have said.

The one that rowed the boat was old, yet hale ;
 The leathern dress that o'er his limbs was drawn
 Seemed made a thousand years ; shrivelled, and pale,
 And downcast was his visage, woe-begone,
 And dark his streaming hair. Of bitter bale
 He would have spoken had he told his tale.—
 The other seemed a creature of the dawn.

He stepped on shore. The human form he bore,
 Yet such wherein th' immortal might be seen,
 Celestial grace unfolding, and, yet more,
 Instincts divine illumed his face serene ;
 His flaxen locks hung softly clustering o'er
 His shoulders, down the mantle which he wore ;
 Plain was his garb, yet noble was his mien.

He beckoned me to come, and I obeyed—
 Obeyed, like one deprived of self-control ;
 I shook, and felt as one of death afraid,
 And sadness took possession of my soul.
 And I repented now that I had prayed
 To leave firm ground to tempt the realms of shade—
 Methought the sea more wildly seemed to roll.

With that he took my hand in his, and said,
 " My son ! I come a long and weary way
 To show thee those dim regions where the dead—
 Dead to sweet peace, and the sun's cheerful ray,
 Live still. The boat is waiting ; thou hast led
 A life of virtue, and hast nought to dread."—
 I bowed my head—I could not but obey.

I could not but obey—so sweet, so bland,
 From lips angelic were the words he spoke.
 We took our seats; then motioning with his hand
 His comrade, he again the silence broke;
 But what he said I could not understand;
 But instantly the old man pushed from land,
 And bore away with many a sturdy stroke.

Rapidly—rapidly we left the shore,
 Bounding along the billows like a steed
 With flashing hoofs. The old man plied each oar
 With fearful diligence, yet took no heed
 Of any thing—nor of the sea before,
 Nor of the land behind—but forward bore,
 Plunging through fiery foam with reckless speed.

How fast we went! Faster and faster still!
 With tenfold speed our little fragile boat
 Sprang on from watery hill to watery hill,
 Just skimming o'er their tops. Deep terror smote
 My aching breast, and perspiration chill
 Suffused my limbs, that shook against my will;—
 My heart rose up and pressed against my throat.

And now the shore was sunk—and now the sun
 Was dwindled to a little glimmering star;
 And now the stars were vanish'd, all but one—
 And now that one we quickly left afar
 Behind us out of sight, while midnight dun
 Wrapt the dark mantle round us which she spun
 Ere light left heaven upon her silver car.

* * * * *

But suddenly the darkness died away,
 And yellow twilight overspread the deep;
 A sunless, starless twilight—neither day
 Nor actual night—such as we see in sleep.
 Gladly I gazed around me to survey
 The visible firmament and ocean grey;
 Land, too, I saw, whose shore was dim and steep.

A barren, bleak, inhospitable shore—
 No verdure, not a tree—nothing but sand,
 Sand, sand! and dark precipitous rocks, which bore
 Marks of the fury of a fiery hand.
 A misty twilight wrapt the region o'er,
 That died away into the hue of gore;
 I seemed to know it was the Phantom Land.

Thither we steered, and on the blasted beach
 Soon landed. Glad I was once more to tread
 In safety where the billows could not reach,
 Although on shores infernal. Over head
 Birds flapped their wings with many a piercing screech,
 While the dark waves boomed mournfully, as each
 Came tumbling over on its sandy bed.

I looked, and saw strange forms along the shore,
 Gliding like exhalations with slow pace,
 Wrapt in the dusky costumes which they wore
 On earth, in days whereof remains no trace.
 Their visages the marks of sadness wore ;
 And oft their garments of thin mist they tore,
 And gazed upon the sea with wistful face.

I stood bewildered with the shadowy sight,
 But soon th' impatient angel seized my hand,
 And hastened me away o'er rocky height
 And vale precipitous of sliding sand,
 Fast by the caves of ever-during night,
 And where a river rolled of burning light.
 We left the ancient boatman on the strand.

The grandeur of obscurity was round—
 Mountains on either side rose steep and bare ;
 Their dark foundations lost in the profound ;
 Their peaks enveloped in the dreamy air.
 Full in the midst that broad, red river wound
 Leisurely—leisurely, with murmuring sound.
 Phantoms might be discovered by its glare.

As o'er our path the lurid blaze was shed,
 Slowly we walked, and, as we walked, discerned
 The phantoms of the long-forgotten dead—
 Of tongues extinct, and empires overturned ;
 Of men who lived ere Rome bowed down her head,
 Ere Athens fell, ere royal Priam bled,
 Or ever Sodom and Gomorrah burned.

As o'er our path the lurid blaze was shed,
 Slowly we walked, I saw by that dim light—
 The grave Egyptian, and the sage Chaldee,
 The Ethiopian and the Ishmaelite ;
 The warrior of the islands of the sea,
 Europe's pale son, and the fierce Cherokee :—
 I never gazed upon so strange a sight.

Female and male I saw ; female and male,
 Clothed or unclothed, as they were wont to go
 While sojourners on earth ; along the vale
 They stood in groups, or wandered to and fro,
 Suffering the doom that evil deeds entail :
 Clenched hands, and livid eyes, and many a wail,
 And beatings of the breast bespoke their woe.

I also saw, wandering with sullen pace,
 Forms of proud aspect—melancholy forms—
 Forms of surpassing symmetry and grace ;
 Such as the poet sees aloft in storms,
 When rolling clouds along heaven's pathway race,
 And winds sing wildly to the thunder's bass ;
 While frenzy his enchanted spirit warms.

Shades or embodied shapes—whate'er their name—
I gazed upon them with respectful awe,
Much wondering who they were, and whence they came,
And what the rank they held. I also saw
My guide's sole notice they appeared to claim,
While holy agitation shook his frame.—
A long, deep sigh I mark'd him softly draw.

“ They once,” said he, “ were happy angels! They
Were my companions once in realms of light;
Their pinions glittered in the golden day,
And heaven's wide field was open to their flight;
Together we were wont our harps to play,
And chaunt the holy beatific lay
Around the throne in robes of dazzling white.

“ Heavenly discourse on heavenly themes we held,
Enjoyed the fellowship of souls in bliss;
And, when the trumpet of th' archangel swelled,
Met in the courts, and greeted with a kiss.
But on the heights of glory they rebelled,
And therefore were cast out, driven forth, expelled,
And hunted hither through the black abyss.

“ They know me, for the memory of things
Over and gone they bitterly retain;
And gone-by pleasure has a thousand stings
When hopelessly compared with present pain.
See how they shun me! Shame each bosom wrings;
No joy, no solace, recognition brings;
They strive to cloak their anguish with disdain.”

His voice sank till it ceased: and still I gazed
With deepening wonder on those phantoms tall.
I watched them pass aloof: my soul was raised—
I thought of their past glory, and their fall,
Thought till the tears ran down. I saw one crazed—
A kindled frenzy from his eyeballs blazed,
The pyre of reason dead, and past recal.

THE "GOINGS ON" AT BRAMSBY HALL.

WE are an irritable family—we hate very much; and I am not deficient in the family virtue. At three years old I hated my aunt; I hated reading the bible backwards; physic and advice soon after shared my aversion. At school I hated mutton,—morning chapel at college,—to this day I hate the Dean. Hard eggs I hate, and female worthies; captains in the Guards and livery servants; saints and flirtation; charity schools and bazaars.—But, "greater than all this, than these, than all," I hate a would-be sentimentalist. That thing of starts and pauses, of strains and raptures, a fellow that sits silent with the men, and sighing with the women, with folded arms in the ball-room, like the figures of Buonaparte at St. Helena, or with outspread arms in the air, like one of Irving's prophets; I mean an animal very like the frontispiece of Mr. Montgomery's work on Satan.

It is now ten years since that I enjoyed the high happiness of gratifying my inbred malice against one of this fraternity; and, amid all the many hatreds of life that have been shooting up like thorns about me, I can look back to that day with an exultation of delight known only to those who have a soul to hate, and power to gratify their hatred.

If I ever loved any thing it was my uncle; perhaps because no one else loved him. He was a country squire of the genuine brown-stout kind—of that class, which the wide spread of cheap books and cheap claret has nearly swept from the halls of their fathers. All about him was inherited. His house, his port, his dress, his jokes, were all as old as Elizabeth. His ideas ever moved in one unvarying circle, of which the centre was himself; with politics he troubled himself little. The Whigs he hated as his fathers had done before him; and was perfectly sure that he should be burned alive in his own house if the bigotted bloody Catholics came in. He was charitable—that is, he gave much bone-soup to the poor, though continually complaining of their ingratitude. He slumbered in church every Sunday morning, for the sake of setting a good example to the lower orders; and made the parson drunk every Sunday evening, to show his respect for the cloth.

My poor, dear uncle! for years didst thou jostle on, hateful to thy neighbours, tyrannical to thy dependants, but dear to me, thy reputed heir. How often have I laughed with thee at anecdotes, which from much use had lost their point! How have I railed with thee at the insolence of the press, or the audacity of paupers! How have I drank thy port wine! Alas! alas! even now thou mightest have been holding on thy own old course. Still might the parson have guzzled thy beer ('twas a good beer). The poacher might still have trembled at thy nod; and thy smiling nephew might still have looked for the inheritance. But a concurrence of mischances, such as the fates keep in store for country squires, snapped all thy joys. A long continued frost ruined the hunting; a wet spring killed all

the young birds ; a canal was run through thy lawn ; a school was established at thy gate ; another parson, with new-fangled notions about the game-laws and bastardy, assailed thee on the bench ; thy servants became saints ; thy neighbours left off leather breeches ; and I went to London to prosecute my studies at the Temple. What could my uncle do ? Reading he never loved ; and riding, with no where to ride to, was worse than nothing. No longer could he dictate to the bench. Foxes—game—had disappeared. Poachers, the last sport of country gentlemen, had departed with the game. The 'squires (even the unbreeched reformed 'squires) were occupied with politics ; and his daughter Bessy could not drink. My uncle did the worst thing which a man in his condition could do—my poor uncle married. I have said nothing of Bessy ; indeed, when I left Bramsby for London there was little to be said of her. She was a fine romping girl of thirteen, with dark hair and eyes, a short face, and glowing cheeks. If I thought of her at all, it was only to remember her lips and wrapper stained with blackberries ; her laugh more joyous than seemly ; her gambols with the groom, or her gallops on an unsaddled donkey. My new aunt I well remembered. Who could have spent a week at Bramsby without remarking her and her pink parasol ! She was the striking feature of the place. Every eye was upon her as she swam into the church on Sundays, when the service was half over ; and every head was turned as she slid with swan-like motion up the aisle, and settled herself with much bustle of silks, directly opposite the 'squire's pew. She was—(alas ! for the honor of the family)—she was a milliner. How my uncle could so far forget his Tory prejudices as to form such a mis-alliance, I know not ; but "adversity makes a man acquainted with strange bedfellows."

I heard afterwards that the 'squire had betrayed an incipient passion to the knowing ones for some time. I saw it not, though, perhaps, the little god develops himself in strange symptoms, when he fires the hearts of gentlemen of sixty-five. Her dark eyes I did see, her dark and luscious glances floating in lambent fire ; the lids now gently raised, now slowly drooping to earth—"weighed with the fullness of her future joy." These things I saw ; but my uncle was twice her age ; and I—'fore God ! I thought the milliner was in love with myself.

It had always been understood that I was to marry Bessy, and succeed to the Bramsby estates. Now, however, nothing doubting that the milliner would bring the old man plenty of children, I applied steadily to my profession, in the hope of working out a provision for myself. So earnest were my labours, that for three years I could not spare time to visit Bramsby. A hamper, crammed with farm-yard delicacies (carriage paid), and a letter with the usual compliments of the season, arrived annually at the door of my lodgings on old Christmas-day ; but from these I gathered nothing of the proceedings at Bramsby. The fourth edition of Friendship's Offering first made me suspect that something was wrong. The fowls were covered with bristles, the ducks were livid, the bones of the turkey "stood staring and looking upon me," the roaster had been killed a

week, and the pigeons were *alive*. Nor were these dainties nicely packed each in its separate department of cloth or newspaper, but all stewing together. My resolution was taken. I distributed the contents of my basket among my good friends the attorneys, packed my clothes in my blue bag (the only use a young lawyer has for it), took a place in the earliest stage, and on the second evening from starting found myself at Bramsby. Dinner was concluded, and the 'squire was with the ladies in the drawing-room. He received me as kindly, but not with such boisterous cordiality as his wont was, and I thought he did not look so red as usual. My aunt welcomed me with a long bow and serpentine courtesy, and I thought she looked very like a milliner. Bessy met me with a smile of pleasure, and she looked beautiful. Another person was there, whom my aunt introduced to me as Mr. Le Grange. At one glance I hated him as a Bramsby should hate. Such an odious compound of ugliness and affectation I had never before seen. He was about thirty years of age, and deeply pitted or rather scarred with the small pox, yellow as a West Indian that had lived on treacle, with straight, black, greasy hair, and jagged eyes that looked like ill-opened oysters. His mouth was moist, his large teeth matched his skin, a crop of pimples speckled his forehead. So loathsome an object—dressed after the prints of Lord Byron, with bare neck, open waistcoat, and flowing linen—might well have turned the bile of a saint. I felt that nothing but his death could satisfy me.

"Who is this Mr. Le Grange?" I said to my aunt at breakfast next morning.

"Who is he!" she snapped out with the look of a dragon;—"this Mr. Le Grange is *my* friend, and my near relation."

"He is a very nice young man," said Bessy archly, in answer to the same question; "so romantic and poetical! so like Lord Byron!"

"His fate is settled," I muttered to myself.

"Who is this Mr. Le Grange?" I asked the 'squire over our third bottle in the evening. I saw that I had touched the string of all my uncle's sorrows.

"Who is he, Bob!" he thundered out. "D—— him!—Who is he?—you must ask my wife if you want to know. She brought him home from a watering-place six months since, where she went for her health, and he has been tucked up to her apron-string ever since. She calls him cousin.—D——n his cousinship! Bramsby is Bramsby no longer; I can't call my house my own. Jack Slingsby says, 'the squire is sewed up in a pair of his wife's stays.' But I'll tell you what, Bob ——"

"Coffee is waiting," said the bland voice of my aunt, who had slipped into the room unperceived.

Had the last trump burst upon his ear, my uncle could not have been more startled. His tones were hushed, the frown froze on his forehead, his uplifted hand sunk by his side, and, dropping his ears like a cowed spaniel, he slunk after his spouse into the drawing-room.

We found Mr. Le Grange, who had left the dining-room with the

ladies, sitting, or rather reclining, on the sofa; one hand, drawn through his straight hair, was forcibly pressed on his forehead, with the other on his breast; he seemed as if struggling to restrain the vivid beating of his heart. Bessy was by his side, her dark eyes flashing, her lip trembling, and her dress in disorder. She rose as we entered, and my aunt, with a look that told well what her suspicions were, seized the vacant seat on the sofa. That look spoke a domestic history; I knew what had changed my uncle from a tyrant to a slave.

"You are lost in thought, Edward Le Grange," she said, placing herself close to him.

"Madam!" he ejaculated, with a start, as if then only aware of our presence.

"I only observed that you seemed to be wrapt in your own reflections."

"Seemed!" he replied in an under-tone, meant rather for her than the public, "would it were, seemed! Oh, God! oh, God! for years, for ages—at least it seems ages—have I striven with the thoughts that are within me and around me; but no, it will not be. I have fluttered with the gay crowd—'twas vain; what to me was their worship and their flatteries? I have sought the solitudes of nature; the same dark thought was there. Death have I courted;—alas! death is only for the happy. Down, down, juggling fiend!"

"Do not talk thus, Edward," whimpered out the milliner, "do not, I implore you—for your own sake—for mine," she added in a whisper, "strive to be happy."

"Happy, happy; oh! no, no, no! Yet I thank you—you have indeed a soul for friendship, a look that can almost make misery smile. Ah! had it been my lot—" What followed I know not, as the male lips were now too near the female ear to admit of my catching a word.

"Is it possible," I said, turning to Bessy, who as well as myself was slily occupied with what was passing on the sofa, "is it possible that you can be taken in by such a soap-bubble of affectation, such a namby-pamby villain as that?" She made no answer. "I have seen ten thousand such fellows," I continued; "they are to be found behind the counter by day, and haunt the outskirts of boarding-schools by night; on holidays you may see them reading Byron under the shade of directing-posts at the crossways; they would have you think that they are haunted by the consciousness of some fearful crime—the demon of thought, as they term it; but you will find, on inquiry, that they have done nothing more terrible than filch silver from the till, or perhaps dip their fingers in the treacle-barrel." She took my offered hand as I spoke, and was about to reply, but my aunt had finished her conference with Mr. Le Grange, and my uncle had disentangled the silk with which he had been for some time engaged in a remote corner of the room. Tea was brought round, the conversation became general, and of course uninteresting.

For the next fortnight a succession of visitors at the Hall prevented me from holding any private conversation with the 'squire. They were relations of his wife (poor of course), and not seeing wine often they drank deeply when they had it, so that after dinner we had not

a moment to ourselves. The mornings were chiefly spent in riding or walking with Bessy. She seemed to me like a rosebud in the sun, putting forth a petal every hour to increase its fragrance, and to perfect its beauty. From her I learned much of Mr. Le Grange. He had been some months at the Hall, yet no one knew who he was, or whence he came, nor had the 'squire's wife even mentioned such a relation before his coming. At first it seemed he had devoted his attentions to Bessy.

"I thought him only a fool," she said, "and, giving way to my own wicked heart, I encouraged his fond idea that I liked him, in order to amuse myself with his vagaries. The night you surprised us, as you supposed, in the drawing-room, he had presumed to carry my hand to his filthy lips. Your abrupt entrance saved his ear from condign punishment, and laid me under the suspicion of my most penetrating cousin."

"And shall this fellow escape, Bessy?" She laughed, and displayed her pretty white teeth. "If you like to invent any plan," she said, "that will cover him with ridicule and convulse us with laughter, here is my hand; you shall have my advice, assistance, and prayers."

Our plan was soon formed; it only remained to communicate it to my uncle. The thirsty relations were now gone, and a new display of affectation from Le Grange had so far irritated the old gentleman that I hoped he might be brought to join our plot in spite of his terrors of his wife.

"Edward," said my aunt, as he entered the room when dinner was nearly over, "why stay out so late? I feared you had forgotten us."

The wretch sighed and started (he always started before he spoke). "I have been reclining in yonder dell with my dearest friend, with Byron, the charm of whose converse had lapped me in that elysium known only to souls that feel. It was long before I could resolve to degrade myself back to mortals, to own to feel myself a man again."

"What heavenly sentiments!" whispered my aunt, with upturned eyes.

"What a romantic young man!" said Bessy, with a smile full of meaning.

"Damn his impudence!" growled my uncle at the bottom of the table.

The last remark only seemed to reach Mr. Le Grange.

"I don't wonder at your surprise," he said, addressing the 'squire; "you have no soul!"

A fierce answer rose to the lips of my uncle; but on a look from his wife he uttered a low indistinct growl, and was silent.

The ladies and their man had scarcely left the room when I assailed the 'squire with vehemence. "Leave him to me, uncle," I said; "let me drag him through the fish-pond, or tumble him into the dog-kennel; give him up to my tender mercies for one day, and I will rid you of this fellow for ever."

"He is my wife's relation," said my uncle, in manifest terror.

"Relation! what relation? I believe they might go as far as the

Stiles's in Blackstone without finding a common ancestor. But, my dear uncle, are you to be insulted, and is your table to be invaded by a yellow jackanape, whose relationship to your wife, however near it may be, is, I believe on my conscience, entirely of their own creating?"

The last hint fired the Bramsby blood; I saw by his eye that the old gentleman was in a temper to hear any proposal with glee that tended to Mr. Le Grange's detriment.—"Suppose we hunt to-morrow?" I continued; "your horses and dogs are in condition; the weather is made for hunting, and foxes are plentiful."

The eyes of the squire glistened with delight.—"Mount Mr. Le Grange on Gunpowder, and if he does not carry him to the devil, the old horse has forgotten his go, or the young gentleman is less of a tailor than he looks."

"You will never get him to go," said my uncle, doubtingly.

"Leave that to Bessy and me, and only conceive the fun of seeing Gunpowder carry him at every thing, through every thing, and over every thing. The old huntsman will live a century on the remembrance."

A few objections, which became feebler every moment, two more bottles of old port, and my uncle entered heart and soul into the project; for a genuine foxhunter, though he will not pistol his friend in the dark, or dirk him at the banquet, feels no scruple at leading him to death as certain in the way of his profession. On joining the ladies, I was in constant terror lest my uncle should betray our plot by the excess of his exultation. We had, as he anticipated, the utmost difficulty in getting Mr. Le Grange to accompany us. He had no breeches—no top-boots; he did not like hunting—he thought it a barbarous sport. Never did ancient gambler woo pigeon to the *écarté* table, or luckless lover implore a reluctant beauty, with half the zeal which I displayed on that occasion. But all my efforts would have been unavailing, had not that angel Bessy interposed, (how dearly I loved her for it!).

"I shall ride myself to-morrow," she said, "and see the dogs throw off; and I am sure (turning to Le Grange) you have too much gallantry to allow me to return alone. You will follow me so far, as my squire?"

"Follow thee!" sighed the unsuspecting victim—(Mrs. B. was not in the room)—"I would follow thee to the end of the world."

"But not back again, or I am much mistaken," I muttered.

This point gained, I wished no more; for I knew Gunpowder was not the horse to turn back after the fox was found, and I never yet saw the man who could make Gunpowder go any course but his own.

The morning broke—a genuine hunting morning; a light shower had just bedewed the grass; a gentle south wind crisped the surface of the lake before the windows, and Phæbus hid his face in the clouds, as if deserting his votary. The horses were at the door. There was my uncle's chestnut snorting the sport; there was Bessy's pet pony, and there was Slow-and-Sure (so Joe had christened Gunpowder), with nose to the ground, looking the veriest rip ever

crossed by a tailor. His reverted eye, the backward prick of his ears, and a certain fretful swishing of his tail spoke the devil within ; but these ominous signs were all unnoticed by the luckless Le Grange. All was well as far as the cover ; so confident, indeed, was Mr. Le Grange in the tameness of his beast, that he ventured once or twice to touch him with his whip, and complained to Bessy in the pride of his heart of being mounted on a mere rip. Scarcely were the dogs well in the cover, when a loud and triumphant burst from all the pack told us that Reynard was found. In a moment Gunpowder was himself again ; with one toss of his head he jerked the bridle from his rider's hand ; the bit he took between his teeth, and away like the wind he went, leaving the rest of the field far in the rear.

" Stop him ! stop him ! he's running away !" screamed Mr. Le Grange, in a voice of agony. It was no use—no one heeded him. Away went Gunpowder, up the fallow, down the brake, over gate and wall, through briar and bog. Well did he keep the lead during the whole of that important day. A wood, which the prudent rode round, but which Mr. Le Grange dashed through, at length took him from our view. Once after was Gunpowder seen by a shepherd's lad, plunging at the same fearful rate down the side of a precipice—Mr. Le Grange on his neck still, screaming forth in piteous accents, " Stop him ! stop him ! he's running away !" After four hours' hard running, we killed almost at the door of Bramsby Hall. Gunpowder was the only horse in at the death—Gunpowder, but not Mr. Le Grange. The only trace of that unfortunate gentleman was a wet shoe, which dangled loosely in the stirrup, much as it had done when on the owner's foot. Questions were asked, and conjectures hazarded, to no purpose : no clue was afforded to the fate of the poet. The news of the poor knight's overthrow had reached Bramsby before us, and I was assaulted at the door of the hall by a hail-storm of abuse from my aunt, such as her education amply supplied her with. The pleasing appellations of rogue, villain, coward, murderer, fell so thick about my bewildered ears, that I absolutely lost my breath. With my uncle I did not fare much better. He cursed me, and himself for listening to me ; swore that I had murdered his wife's relation, and deprived him of his peace of mind for ever. Rather anxious to escape the tumult than disturbed about Le Grange's fate, I took Joe with me, and proceeded to scour the country in search of the fugitive. I mounted Gunpowder, thinking, with Joe, that he was most likely to know what he had done with his rider. The old horse had a peculiar track, and it was easy enough to make out the course which he had taken in the morning ; indeed, he seemed to know by instinct what business we were upon, and trotted contentedly along through every turn of the hunt. After following on for some miles, we came to a fence hanging over a precipitous ravine, which the late rains had washed to an unusual depth. Here Gunpowder made a halt ; and it was evident, from the deeply-indented foot-marks, that at this point he had checked his headlong pace in the morning. The boughs were bent and broken, as if by some one clambering through the hedge ; and the print of a bare foot on the clay convinced us that Gunpowder had here deposited his burthen,

and that the unhappy poet had managed to crawl away on his feet. Thinking it useless to pursue the search any farther, and half sorry that Mr. Le Grange had escaped, I returned to Bramsby, examining every wet and dry ditch on the way, and calling out his name in tones affectedly mournful. Overcome with anxiety my aunt had retired to bed, my uncle was sleeping off the third bottle in his arm-chair, and Bessy was on the way to her room. Worn out by my exertions, I followed almost immediately, leaving my uncle to the care of Joe, who knew his ways quite well. The sun was high in the heaven (as the novelists say) before I made my appearance at the breakfast-table next morning. I found my uncle stalking up and down the room in that blessed temper which usually afflicts the lords of the creation when the ladies of the creation keep them waiting for breakfast. He had heard our discoveries of the preceding evening from Joe; but, after the manner of 'squires, he was the more angry with me because he had the less excuse for it.

"Have you heard any thing of your mother this morning?" he said to Bessy, who just then entered the room like a ray of sunlight breaking into a prison. Mrs. B. had for some time slept apart from her husband on pretence of indisposition. Bessy knew nothing of her.

"Tell one of the maids to call your mistress," said my uncle to a servant, who was just setting the urn on the table.

"Please, Sir," said the man, "Sarah and Elizabeth have been knocking at Missis's door this half hour, and they can't get no answer, nor hear no noise whatsoever."

This looked serious—all rushed up stairs—master and young mistress, grooms, cook, and housemaids, all of us knocked and bawled to no purpose.

"The more you cry out, the more she won't answer," said Joe to me, in a whisper; "I warrant she's a rum one."

My uncle's hasty temper could endure no more: with desperate foot he dashed at the door, laying open the inmost recesses of his wife's bedchamber to the leering, curious eyes of the menial crowd without. All were in the room in a second—and there we found, not Mrs. Bramsby, but—"O shame! O sorrow! and O womankind!"—we found a wet shoe of the masculine gender, the hat, the trousers, and the frilled and frittered shirt which belonged to Mr. Le Grange. A little inquiry explained the whole. Mrs. Bramsby had met her enamoured poet as he was crawling back to the hall, wet, spattered with mud, and pale with affright. Stung with fury at the trick which they perceived had been played, they resolved to fly to some bower of bliss where they might love undisturbed. Early that morning my uncle lost a wife, a wife's relation, and two of the best horses in his stable. My uncle behaved with praiseworthy fortitude on the occasion, not even pursuing the fugitives. The resignation with which I bore the loss of an aunt deserves, I think, nearly equal praise. One more settlement I drew in the course of my profession—it was the marriage settlement of Robert Bramsby and Elizabeth Bramsby, of Bramsby; and my time was so fully and so pleasantly occupied, that I had no leisure to hate any one for a considerable time afterwards.

W. P.

SYRIA ;

ITS IMPORTANCE, AS A MILITARY POINT D'APPUI AND COMMERCIAL OUTLET, TO GREAT BRITAIN, AND AS A LINE OF OVERLAND COMMUNICATION WITH INDIA.

Two great principles at present divide Europe—the liberal and the absolute. The former, it is true, stormy at its surface, but pregnant with future stability and prosperity to the nations under its sway ; the latter tranquil to the eye of a superficial observer, but containing within its entrails a thousand hidden causes of disorder and dissolution.

These two systems that at present divide the political world find their personification, the first in England and France, the second in the states forming the remnants of the Holy Alliance, of which the haughty Pozzo de Borgo and the wily Metternich are the living organs. It is, impressed with the truth of this fundamental idea, that we attach so great an importance to the late quadruple treaty between England and France and the two kingdoms of the Iberian Peninsula. This great league is an immense step, and, if properly directed, will oppose an imposing barrier to the designs of those powers whose object is an unholy crusade against human freedom. Still we are not insensible to the obstacles that oppose the consolidation of this system, and to the train of peculiar circumstances which so favour the development of the views of the absolute powers. The alliance of the former, based upon an identity of interests as well as principles, is fraught with the seeds of rivalry and disunion ; while the interests of the latter are so broadly contradistinguished, that, paradoxical as it may appear, the great military powers can at any moment coalesce for the furtherance of their political principles, without compromising their own individual views of territorial aggrandisement. Thus the attention of Austria is directed to Italy, that of Prussia to her Rhenish provinces and Germany, while the potent policy of Russia turns, as it has done for the last 150 years, towards the East.

These important considerations are worthy of the deepest attention of our government. The state of utter inanition to which the once formidable empire of Mahomet has been reduced by the open and covert machinations of Russia, and the ulterior views of that ambitious power, are evident to the merest tyro in politics. The Black Sea is now a Russian lake ; the Thracian Bosphorus a Russian strait ; the Turkish divan a Russian chancellerie ; and the final dissolution of the Turkish empire in Europe dependant on the mere caprice of the Russian autocrat.

So rapidly has the tide of political events advanced in the East ; such has been the Greek ductility and Scythian energy of the Muscovite government in pushing forward to a near consummation their long-cherished projects upon Turkey ; and such has been, on the other hand, the blind fatuity of those cabinets whose interests it was

to preserve the integrity of the Porte, that the time for averting its impending ruin has passed away.

The question, therefore, now, for the solution of the government of this country, is what course to pursue in order to repair the blunders of their predecessors in office (for, in justice to the present administration, we must admit that the fatal errors that have marked our policy in the East cannot be laid at their door)—what barrier their diplomatic skill is prepared to oppose to the overrunning preponderance which Russia would acquire when mistress of Constantinople. We will not dwell upon the prodigious and rapid development which those mighty resources, which, for centuries past, have slumbered beneath the shade of Turkish sloth and ignorance, would then receive from this gigantic power. This has been repeated *usque ad nauseum*,—if, indeed, a subject of such vital importance to the maritime supremacy of Great Britain, nay to her existence as a nation, can engender such a feeling. But we shall endeavour to point out to our readers all the advantages which this central position on the globe would afford her for attempting the conquest of British India, that long-cherished project of Muscovite ambition, by moving troops by the line of the Euphrates to the head of the Persian Gulf. Although, from the gigantic length of the line of operations, we, as tacticians, look upon an overland expedition to India as a military chimera ; still we are forced to allow, that the line of the Euphrates presents far less insurmountable obstacles than that from the Caspian, through Bockara to Attock ; or, again, to the tracts followed by Alexander and Nadir Shah, through Persia. The free navigation of the Euphrates, with the command of the inexhaustible forests of Mount Taurus, would enable the Russian autocrat to float down his barbarian legions upon rafts (as Alexander and Trajan did before him) to Bussorah, a city only eight days' sail from Bombay, and the vulnerable point of our Indian empire. That the onward roll of the Russian avalanche would here be effectually stopped by a British squadron, we doubt not ; but, while the propinquity of a large Russian force upon the minds of the native population of India is to be dreaded, the ruinous expense of checking even a mere demonstration, if often repeated, would soon render the possession of our Indian empire an onerous burden to this country. If these views be correct, the necessity of erecting an imposing barrier to Russian aggression will be readily admitted ; and this barrier, a single glance at the map will convince, is to be found in Syria. In fact, the strategic importance of this country—communicating, as it does, with the Mediterranean on one side, by a long line of bold coast, studded with commodious harbours, and roadsteads, and consequently *easily accessible to our fleets* ; and extending, on the other, parallel to the line of march of the invading army—will be understood by the most unmilitary reader. On debouching from Bir, on the north-eastern Syrian frontier, the right wing of the Russian army would be constantly *en l'air* ; the difficulty of preserving the line of communication to their rear would increase with every march, till, cut off from their base, their destruction would be as inevitable and as signal as that which

overtook the legions of Crassus, and of the emperor Julian, in these same regions, centuries ago.

Such is the strategic importance of Syria ; and, since the Ottoman Porte has, with a blind infatuation that seemingly courts destruction, thrown itself into the arms of its hereditary foe, the obvious policy of our Cabinet is to draw closer our relations with Mahomet Ali.

But it is not solely in a military and political point of view, that we are led to consider the importance of Syria—possessing, as she does, in the most eminent degree, all the capabilities of nature and circumstance for a very advantageous commerce with this country, producing rice and corn of a very superior quality ; luxuriant pasturages, supporting innumerable flocks and herds, which furnish large quantities of the finest wool and mohair, white raw silk, cotton, gums, madder-roots, galls, tobacco, drugs, hides, sponge, fruits, pearls, coffee, and copper ore ; most of which are in extensive demand for manufacture and consumption in this country, and throughout Europe, and which constitute valuable returns for those exports of manufactured goods and colonial produce, which they require, and we can advantageously supply. Again, accessible of communication from all parts of the Mediterranean—separated from Gibraltar only by a distance of nine hundred leagues—presenting a long and bold line of coast, with good harbours and roadsteads—possessing a population of about three millions, spread through a long and narrow country, whose extensive shore constitutes the eastern boundary of the Mediterranean, and is the centre of a very considerable inland traffic, which extends to the Indian Ocean, the Indus, and the Caspian,—this vast range of country offers a wide field to our commercial intercourse, which our insular possessions in the Mediterranean are so obviously calculated to maintain. At a moment, too, when the operation of the Prussian tariff is closing Germany to our manufactures—when our field of operation on the Continent, and throughout the world, is daily becoming more circumscribed by the rivalry and competition of foreign nations, the necessity of seeking for new outlets for our commercial industry, and that excess of vitality produced upon our population by our high-wrought civilization and wide-spreading intelligence, must be felt by every one ; and it is gratifying to find that government, by the recent appointment of a consul-general in Syria, are determined to afford our commercial relations with that country the protection so essential to their development.

On the northern line of Syria, and forming the centre of communication with the eastern parts of Asia-Minor and Armenia, is Aleppo ; one of the second cities in the Turkish empire in point of rank, wealth, commerce, and population. Towards the south, and situated in the centre of Syria, is Damascus, which is of equal rank, character, and importance ; and along the coast, and through the interior, are the capital cities of the pachalics of Akka and Tripoli, and numerous other towns and villages. Aleppo has a population of 200,000, and is one of the most refined and opulent cities in the Turkish dominions. The population and character of this city ; the extent and value of the produce of those countries which surround it ; its contiguity to the coast ; its favourable position as a centre of communication, and as an

entrepôt of commerce for Armenia; the eastern divisions of Asia-Minor, the sources of the Euphrates, and the north of Syria, mark it out as an important point of commercial establishment in direct intercourse with this country, which, if properly cultivated, would consume and cause the diffusion of vast quantities of British manufactures, and make valuable returns in raw materials.

Of equal rank with Aleppo is Damascus, situated in the centre of Syria, and containing a population of 160,000 souls. The Damascenes are rich, enterprising, and commercial; and besides the augmentation its population receives from the many trading caravans that visit it in the course of every year from Egypt, Arabia, Persia, and Asia-Minor, it is also the place of rendezvous and departure of the great pilgrimage to Mecca, which causes a great influx of merchants and pilgrims from all parts of the East, and imports to Damascus the animated character of a great fair. No city in the East more vividly realizes than Damascus the glowing descriptions in the Arabian tales of an oriental metropolis; and it is at once a curious and important fact, that although there does not exist even a tradition of its first foundation, while we find mention made of its flourishing condition in the very earliest traditionary records we are in possession of, thus attesting its remote antiquity, yet amid the revolutions that have so changed the physical and moral aspect of our globe, and buried in eternal oblivion the sites and histories of so many contemporary cities, Damascus has alone preserved unchanged the identity of its site, and the local influence of its rank and character, and must convey to the mind of the philosophical observer the proof that its situation must possess some permanent and intrinsic advantages for a commercial intercourse with the extensive regions that surround it.

Notwithstanding, however, the variety, value, and abundance of the produce of these regions—the extensive demand for the same in this country; notwithstanding that the long line of coast permits of its direct importation from the growers to our home markets—that this same line of coast offers many facilities for cutting in various lines the course of inland traffic, and of carrying on manufactures at once to the central and intermediate points; notwithstanding that the population of this region is extensive, rich, and commercial, and that it contains, at short distances from the coast, two of the most wealthy, refined, and populous cities in the dominions of Islamism; notwithstanding that this country is well known to be the centre of a most enterprising and arduous commerce with Arabia, Persia, Eastern America, and the northern parts of Tartary, as far even as the western confines of India, and that under these circumstances this range of country in Asiatic Turkey must possess the capabilities of a great mart for British trade,—the fact nevertheless is, that till very lately Smyrna, in the northern part of the Archipelago, and at one extreme of this line of coast, and Alexandria at the other extreme, were the only two places to which British goods were directly sent; while the whole intermediate line between them, extending upwards of 2000 miles, in the centre of which are Aleppo and Damascus, which are forty and sixty days of caravan journey from

either of them, had to draw their supplies of European manufactures from these two points. Now, when we consider that all goods in Turkey are conveyed into the interior by mules and camels, owing to the wretched state of the roads, and the heavy charges which such a mode of conveyance must necessarily entail upon them, the advantages to be derived to our commerce by establishing English houses at the intermediate points between Smyrna and Alexandria will be the means of opening to our merchants a field that, if properly cultivated, we confidently predict will yield them a golden harvest. But Syria, again, must not only be considered as the centre of an extensive radii of political intercourse and observation with all the regions of Western Asia, but also that it is more favourably situated than any other for a direct intercourse with India ; and its adoption as such, by directing the officers of the Company through the adjacent regions on their way to the East, would be the means of opening to our knowledge those countries so important in a political point of view. The passage by the Red Sea has been tried and failed. The immense steamer, necessary to carry the requisite fuel for its voyage to the nearest depôt from Bombay, was too great an expense ; while continued delays and difficulties were experienced at the depôts on the Red Sea. But had it been otherwise, this line of intercourse presents no advantages compared with those by the way of Damascus and the Persian Gulph. From Bombay to England the rout by the Red Sea does not embrace a single interest of the Company, political or commercial ; its interests are not enlarged—its means of information are not extended ; a dreary journey across the desert is followed by a long and uninteresting voyage to Bombay. At Tabriz, at Ispahan, at Bagdad, Bushire, Muscat, and along the Persian Gulph, the Company have extensive interests, both political and commercial ; which are daily increasing in their importance—first, from the proceedings of Russia on the military operations and conquests of the late Mirza Abbas in Horat and Afgistan ; and, secondly, the sovereign attitude and restless ambition of Mahomet Ali, and the fact that Bagdad, at the extremity of the Turkish empire, and more immediately under the influence of his power, is known to be an important feature in the objects of his ambition. Not many years ago, it must be recollected, this city was the central depôt of the merchants of Persia, for the markets of Syria, Armenia, and Turkey ; but with the two latter parts it has lately been carried on by way of Erzeroum and Tocat. The presence, however, of the Russians at Erzeroum, and the barrier they will erect to the transit through their territory of our British manufactures from Constantinople, will, in all probability, have the effect of bringing back the trade into its ancient channel, and the Euphrates may again become as important a line of commercial intercourse as it was anciently. Again, it is obviously his policy to enter into relations with Persia, with a view of acquiring an influence in the affairs of that distracted country, and of making her an element of resistance towards Turkey and Russia. These considerations, added to the commercial interests of the Company in the Persian Gulf, the facility of transmitting dispatches to and from their agents to those parts by this new line of

communication, are of the highest importance. From the short distances between Bombay and any of the points in the Gulf, a steam-boat of small power and at little expense would be necessary ; while the Company, having already agents at the different points on the proposed line of rout, no expense for new establishments need be incurred. Both the Tigris and the Euphrates, by the surveys of recent travellers, are found to be navigable all the year round for vessels of a small draught of water ; while, as to fuel, wood, charcoal, bitumen, naptha, are to be found along the whole line. From the sea-coast to Damascus, dispatches could arrive in twenty-four hours ; the distance again from that city to Bagdad by dromedaries might be accomplished in six days ; and thence to Bussorah, at the head of the Persian Gulf by the Tigris—the banks of which river being less infested by the predatory Arab tribes, renders it in the present state of the country a safer rout than the Euphrates—in eight days. But in ratio as the Pacha of Egypt consolidates his authority in Syria, will the predatory habits of the Bedouins be repressed, and the line of the Euphrates, from Bir to Bussorah, will be opened for the transit of passengers and goods. The voyage from England to Bombay may then be accomplished as follows :—

From England to Malta, in.....	16 days
Malta to Scanderoon.....	4
Scanderoon to Bir	2
Bir to Bussorah	12
Bussorah to Bombay	8
	<hr/>
	42
	<hr/>

So that dispatches from India might arrive in Leadenhall-street with ease in seven or eight weeks. And besides all the advantages we have enumerated, and the establishment of a regular communication, embracing their interests and enlarging their political information of those parts, the whole expense would scarcely exceed that which is at present annually incurred for the desultory transmission of dispatches overland, between the Indian and the Home Government, or to and fro from the Company's agents, along the proposed line of route. Now that the charter of the East India Company is renewed, and its political power confirmed, it is to be hoped that it will turn its serious attention to this subject, and to the earliest method of carrying it into execution.

The arguments we have adduced in the course of this paper, we flatter ourselves, are of a nature to carry to the minds of our readers the importance of Syria to this country, not only as a military *point d'appui*, in the event of a rupture with Russia—a contingency which, however long it may be averted by the wiles of diplomacy, must one day occur—but also as opening a wide field to our commercial enterprise and manufacturing industry. The establishment of British houses of commerce in the large cities and commercial districts will considerably extend our trade with Asiatic Turkey and its depen-

dencies, as these houses, by studying and cultivating the taste and capabilities of the markets, and directly importing from home the articles necessary for their supply, as well as by this direct importation diminishing their prices to the consumer, by obviating the additional charges of land-carriage, double freight, interest, labour, and commission, that the obvious and necessary consequence of such reductions will be an increased demand and consumption. Again, a new opening, at present engrossed by the *French* and *Austrians*, will be found for the employment of our shipping in the Mediterranean; while the requisite protection to our commercial interests in those parts has been afforded by our government by the appointment of a consul-general in Syria—a measure that alone was wanting to rapidly develop our commercial relations with those valuable regions. It is, indeed, lamentable to reflect how long and how much our commerce with Asiatic Turkey has been neglected, solely from the absence of a consular establishment; while our European rivals have been securing to themselves a market which is just as open to us from the Mediterranean, and much more accessible to us from India by the Persian and Arabian Gulfs. In fact, in Syria we shall find a large population of producers and consumers—large, wealthy, and luxurious cities—a country full of valuable equivalents—a demand for the manufactures of Europe, and the productions of our East India possessions; for, we believe, we may lay it down as a commercial axiom, when no insurmountable obstacles exist, that where there is a rich, commercial, and enterprising city, with a population of 150,000 souls, the manufactures of this country *ought* to be advantageously introduced. Syria contains two such cities, with populations exceeding that number; in which, strange to relate, from the want of the necessary encouragement and protection on the part of our government till very lately, there did *not exist a single British establishment*. But a new era has dawned upon our commercial horizon; and, we doubt not that the enterprise of our merchants will eagerly avail themselves of a field so eminently calculated to neutralize the commercial stagnation of trade, that is at the present moment so paralyzing the energies of this country.

THE BLACK CARIBS.—A TALE.

"Fierce wars and faithful loves shall moralize my song."

SPENSER'S *Fairy Queen*.

"AND so, Mustapha, you are to be sold to-morrow?" said a planter named Belgrave, to a handsome tall Mahometan negro of the Mandingo tribe. This man, like most of his nation, seemed, and was far more intelligent than the mean savage of the Coromanti, Moco, Eboe, Congo, and other tribes that were imported from Guinea.—

"And so, Mustapha, you are to be sold to-morrow?"

"Yes, master; the provost-marshal has seized me in the name of the king, for taxes that my late mistress owed at her death."

"In your occupation of fisherman at Calliagua you must, I take it, have saved money; I suppose you intend purchasing your manumission?"

"How much, think you, will be offered for me?"

"You are an intelligent and well-behaved man; you will not be sold for less than 400 dollars."

"I have," said Mustapha, with a sigh, "not above 350. May I ask a favour of you? That you will attend the sale to-morrow, and offer all I possess for my purchase; should I be sold at a higher price than I can pay, yet not above what you conceive is my value, be pleased to buy me yourself, and I will give you no cause to repent it."

"I at present want no negroes, but such as are fitted for field-labour; for this your tribe in general, and you in particular, are little adapted; however, I will be in Kingston to-morrow, and do what I can for you."

With this assurance Mustapha departed.

The next day Belgrave was at the vendue (auction), attending the sale of the Mandingo. The first offer for his purchase was 300 dollars, by the marshal (a kind of sheriff), in whose house Mustapha resided since he was seized at the king's suit for taxes. Another person opposed the officer's bidding; and amongst the rest Belgrave offered 350 dollars. The marshal then offered 360, for he had resolved to pay as high as 500 dollars for him, so greatly did he esteem the good qualities of the Mahometan. Belgrave now offered 23 doubloons; and perceiving the marshal about to make another bid, he whispered in his ear "that he was trying to purchase the slave's manumission with money that he (Mustapha) had saved."

"Why did you not give me the hint sooner, and I would not have run up the poor devil's price?" said the marshal in a low tone; and he circulated what Belgrave had informed him amongst those in the auction-room; who, on receiving the intimation, would not oppose the slave's offer for his freedom; so that Mustapha was adjudged to Belgrave at 23 doubloons, or 368 dollars. The latter informed the

Mandingo that, on his paying him 350 dollars, he would duly emancipate him.

This generous offer Mustapha embraced with tears of gratitude ; he had been free in Africa, and was one of the few West India slaves capable of appreciating the real blessing of liberty. During the arrangement of the necessary documents the negro made no audible declaration of his sentiments ; but his eloquent countenance expressed eternal gratitude.

The inhabitants of St. Vincent's were, about that time, expecting to be engaged in a contest with a race of Indians inhabiting the island, called the "Black Caribs," a fierce and treacherous people. Intelligence had been received that the heads of the tribe had been negotiating with an abandoned miscreant from St. Domingo, named Victor Hugues, a bloody emissary from the French Convention, which was then in full force at Paris.

Victor Hugues had formerly been a baker at Marseilles, and had risen to his present rank by his peculiar talents and ferocity, scarcely to be paralleled, and certainly not exceeded, by anything the sanguinary French revolution produced. He was well acquainted with the West Indies, and was, therefore, chosen by the Convention to stir up the slaves of the Colonies to rebellion, and lead on brigands to massacre. He had already too well succeeded in his mission, and was then sending his agents of blood amongst the Black Caribs.

These barbarians (although they were uniformly treated with the greatest kindness by the English) were but too prone to listen to inflammatory proposals ; so that the colonists were hourly expecting a war, similar to that which desolated St. Domingo.

The Black Caribs differ from every kind of Indian on these islands, or on the main. Of their origin nothing is known ; but they evidently are not genuine Indians. They have precisely the appearance of what the Spaniards call Zambaigos ; that is, the mixed race between the Indian and the negro ; it is therefore conjectured that their progenitors were the red, or real Caribs, and some cargo of negroes shipwrecked off the island, or some of the Granadines. At what time this intermixture took place there is no record ; nor have these people preserved the slightest tradition of their origin ; nothing can be traced in their superstition which resembles that of Africa, yet they are distinct in form, features, and manners from any of the aborigines of this New World, and bear decided marks of being Zambaigos.

The war, as they expected, soon broke out, and was conducted by the savages and their Gallic abettors with a fiendish cruelty, the details of which make humanity shudder.

One night, during the height of those hostilities, Belgrave arrived at the mansion of a plantation on the fertile plain, beneath the *soufriere*,* which was at this time remote from the main scene of war. He rushed into the hall, bearing an infant of one year old in his arms ; across his forehead was a deep gash, recently inflicted with a sword,

* This word is a general name for a volcanic mountain in the West Indies ; those of St. Lucia and Guadeloupe bear the same appellation.

and his dress was covered with blood. He was followed by Mustapha, who carried a small chest, which, however, seemed very heavy : both were out of breath.

"Prepare to defend yourselves!" cried Belgrave; "the bloody savages come; they have just murdered ——." Here his voice failed; he added, "they have just butchered my wife—my poor Emilia! See! I have saved this dear innocent, whom the barbarians would have slaughtered—yes, they would have hacked to pieces my dear infant before her father's face.—But, haste, defend yourselves, or you are lost!"

The advice of Belgrave was instantly taken. The females of the establishment concealed themselves in the thick shelter of a neighbouring cane-piece. Every kind of arms procurable was seized on by all the white men on the estate, who assembled in the windmill, the only building capable of any thing like a defence, and the negroes swore they would protect their master's property while they could wield a weapon. A few of these known to be expert marksmen were taken up into the mill,* and as their supply of powder was limited, the great body of the slaves, armed with pistols, pikes, and cutlasses, were placed in ambush, and ordered to attack the brigands in the rear, should occasion serve. The command of this division was intrusted to Belgrave, whose sorrows were at the moment absorbed by thirst of revenge.

"Mustapha!" said Belgrave, "take this child; follow the women into the cane-piece, protect it—it is my last hope.—Look not at the chest—curses on the heap of gold.—Do as I bid you."

Mustapha placed the treasure in a remote part of the building; then caught up the child, and departed, while Belgrave, calling to the slaves to follow him, disappeared. Scarcely had these events taken place, ere the enemy, 200 in number, appeared, led by the noted chief, Chatoyer. They advanced with loud cries; many bearing torches, by the red glare of which they looked like demons exulting in their work of desolation. They burst into the house; but not finding its inhabitants, they rushed towards the sugar works. No one was to be found in any of the places examined; at length they proceeded to search the mill. Thither they went, but found the steps pulled up; while, at a signal, the whites, with a loud shout, showered down a quantity of missiles, such as heavy stones and ox yokes, which crushed and maimed numbers. The most daring began to scale the walls; but the missiles of the besieged descended on them with such irresistible force as to destroy all who were hardy enough to approach. Another party desperately attempted to scale the arms of the mill; these were slain by the same description of ponderous materials which destroyed their fellows. All this time a slow but steady fire was kept up on the enemy by the besieged; none but good marksmen were allowed to fire, and these too well knew the value of their scanty store of ammunition to waste it uselessly. At every discharge a man fell. The brigands seemed to hesitate; they had no great guns, and the brave occupiers of the mill were sheltered

* Windmills in the West Indies are much larger than in England.

from small shot, nor could their fortress be fired, it being of stone ; in short, they were impregnable to such foes. The attack had already cost the banditti thirty of their bravest men, and at this period of incertitude they were suddenly and unexpectedly attacked in the rear by Belgrave and his party, who rushed on shouting and discharging their pistols. The enemy were struck with panic. Savages lose all courage when surprised ; and the Caribs, in spite of all the efforts of their Gallic allies, fled in every direction, pursued by the negroes, and fired on from the mill—their victory was complete.

On examining the house, it was found that the brigands had attempted to fire it in several directions, but fortunately had failed. However, the chest, containing a valuable quantity of gold, jewels and papers, was missing ; this, though a heavy calamity to Belgrave, was but slight compared with what he suffered that night. A party of negroes, sent to recalc the females, found Mustapha stunned from a blow with the butt-end of a musket, and the child was taken away. The poor bereaved father was distracted at this most bitter blow ; and his friends, justly conceiving that to attempt consoling him would be to mock his agony, called on him to revenge his murdered wife and child. No sooner was this proposed than he started, and inquired for Mustapha. But Mustapha, on recovering from the blow, had vowed to deliver the infant if alive, or perish in the attempt, and had disappeared, taking the direction of the routed enemy. At this instant, a party of Seton's Rangers came in search of the brigands ; to which Belgrave immediately attached himself, to go in pursuit of the enemy.

The greater part of that night and the next morning was spent in tracing them ; at length they surprised or rather intercepted them on the Balisle estate, near Wallilaboe Bay ; the brigands occupied one precipice, and the rangers another, elevated 30 feet above them. Between these there was a deep defile, at the bottom of which ran a dark rapid stream. From the top of the precipice occupied by the Caribs to the stream was at least 150 feet, and there was but one steep descent, so narrow as to be capable of admitting but one person at a time. The brigands had been encountered during the night and routed by a company of grenadiers of the 95th regiment, and many had thrown away their muskets, to enable them the more quickly to retreat. The troops were following them up, and were then close upon their rear ; while the rangers commanded their position, and from their greater elevation were enabled to keep up a deadly fire. Escape for the wretches appeared hopeless ; when at the instant a gigantic Carib approached the edge of the precipice, and holding Belgrave's infant in his hand, exclaimed—

“ If we are not allowed to descend this rock, I will dash the child to pieces ; one more shot,” said he, holding the infant over the terrible abyss, “ and I'll keep my word.”

“ My child !” exclaimed Belgrave in agony—for he perceived the grenadiers close on their rear, who might sign the fate of his infant by firing. At this instant the report of a pistol-shot was heard, and the Carib who held the child staggered back and fell ; but ere that had well taken place, the faithful Mustapha (who was concealed in the

narrow and steep path-way which led down to the stream) sprang up and caught the child from the wounded Indian. Scarcely had the Caribs time to rush on the Mandingo before the latter, with the courage of despair, leaped down into the awful dell, and with the child sunk into the stream. The fierce feelings of the combatants were stayed for a moment by the intense interest of the circumstance. They gazed in breathless suspense on the place where he disappeared; it was but a few seconds, for they beheld the gallant Mustapha rise to the surface, and, struggling his way to the opposite bank, hold up the infant in triumph. A loud huzza from the rangers greeted the deliverer, while at the same moment a volley in the rear of the Caribs announced the arrival of the grenadiers. The rangers from the elevated situation fired down upon them until the few survivors from the carnage called for quarters.

All this time Belgrave was embracing his child, and caressing its bold and faithful deliverer; but it was for the last time; his minutes were numbered. A shot had entered his side, and his face, now deadly pale, and his faltering accents, told its mortal effect. The dying man again embraced his child, and wringing Mustapha by the hand, said, "Protect my poor infant." He fainted, and expired without a groan.

This war was not brought to a close till March 1790, when Sir R. Abercrombie took St. Lucia, and thus cut off the barbarous enemy's supplies; after this he brought such a force that the greater part of the black Caribs, after maintaining the war until October following, surrendered, and were banished to the island Rollar, in the bay of Honduras.

I must now pass over nearly sixteen years in my narrative, during which time the proprietor of the estate near the souffriere, on which the attack was made the night previous to the death of Belgrave, humanely reared and educated the orphan Rosetta. The once ample fortune of Belgrave had been cruelly reduced by the Carib war; the chest containing gold, jewels, and, it was suspected, valuable papers, that was brought to the plantation by Mustapha, had disappeared; it was supposed to have been taken off by the brigands; the buildings and cultivation of the fine estate of Belgrave's were burnt; the greater part of his negroes had been butchered in cold blood by the Caribs; of the remainder some had been forced into the service of the brigands and slain, some few had deserted to St. Lucia and Guadaloupe; eighteen able slaves and some children only remained; with these it was useless to attempt cultivating the ruined plantation, so that the faithful Mustapha proposed to the orphan's guardian to work them, whereon he could find advantageous employ, and rent her land to neighbouring estates. To this prudent project the latter consented, and entered into arrangements with the Mahometan to employ them principally on the estate where Rosetta was educated. Mustapha managed matters so prudently that he soon augmented the number of the slaves considerably by applying their gains and the emoluments derived from lands to new purchases; so that in 1812 Rosetta possessed above fifty able negroes, when her faithful African protector meditated the resumption of her lands, and the repairing of the

sugar works ; but to do this he wanted capital, and was unacquainted with the system of raising money by loan and mortgage.

Meanwhile Rosetta grew in age and loveliness : though but seventeen, she was very tall and of womanly proportions. Her slender form was elegantly modelled, and her complexion delicately white ; her visage had not the rosy bloom that dyes the faces of England's beautiful daughters : a lighter tinge overspread her velvet cheeks, but not less lovely. A placid smile of sweetness beamed occasionally in her countenance, which indicated that she possessed a soul at peace with itself and with all around ; her large dark eyes were neither sparkling nor languishing, but expressive of that benevolence of disposition which is more vividly displayed by the fair of the Caribbean islands than by any other class of beings with whom it has been my lot to mingle.

About this time, *i. e.* early in 1812, arrived on the estate on which Rosetta resided a nephew of the proprietor, a young man of the most engaging appearance and accomplishments. By the advice of his uncle, Charles had crossed the Atlantic for the purpose of arranging some matters relative to a deeply mortgaged estate that his father had bequeathed him. The elder Melburn had nearly ruined his property by extravagance. His, however, was not selfish prodigality ; he had incumbered his plantation with debt from having the weakness of never being able to refuse any favour asked of him. His son Charles inherited some of this disposition.

On the young man's arrival in St. Vincent, his uncle proposed a plan of giving up for a certain time his estate to the mortgagees, on condition of receiving a sum sufficient to establish him in the army, and an annuity. To this Charles agreed, yet, somehow or other, he never could be brought to conclude the business.

Living in the same mansion with Rosetta Belgrave, every reader who is conversant either with the romance of life, or the romances of the Minerva library, will conceive that the parties were in duty bound to fall in love with each other ; and the fact so fell out—in love of course they fell.

One evening Rosetta was seated in a gallery, while before her knelt a little negro girl, whom she was teaching to pray, Charles approached her, but, not wishing to interrupt her devout task, he stood aside and observed her ; never did she look so amiable. Charles gazed at her until he mentally lamented his own ideal unworthiness in comparison with such an angel. He felt that sweet emotion stealing over him which most feel once, and none experience a second time—it belongs alone to the youthful and sincere. The little negress having finished her devotion, Rosetta saw Charles in the gallery.

"I have been here some minutes, Miss Belgrave, and stood aside, not wishing to disturb your lesson of piety," said he. "I come to beg a favour of you."

"This must surely be something more serious than he usually talks about," thought Rosetta, "for I never saw him look so grave before." She inquired, though rather tremulously, after the nature of the requested favour.

"I come to entreat pardon for one of your negroes whom your venerable major-domo has put in the stocks. The old man is called Eboe Jack."

Whether this was exactly the nature of the expected communication, it is impossible to determine, as the young lady did not exhibit any outward signs of disappointment. She merely expressed her astonishment, as the old man in question had been for some time exempt from labour. Our old friend Mustapha was sent for, and during this time the subject of Charles's departure was talked of. This was a very fertile topic; but Charles could not fix a time.

"There are some difficulties in the way with the mortgagee," said he; "and in truth, Miss Belgrave, I feel so attached to this spot that I scarcely wish to leave it for the army."

"I shall much regret your absence," said Rosetta, scarcely meditating what she spoke. Charles sighed, and with tenderness inquired—

"To what cause am I to attribute that regret?"

The question, to the surprise of Rosetta, had such an effect on her that she felt a burning blush on her cheek, and stammered some unintelligible reply.

Had Melburn possessed common penetration in love, or much experience in the hieroglyphics of the heart, the deep blush of Rosetta would have told a tale on which he might have made a commentary; but further colloquy was interrupted by the arrival of Mustapha to inform her of the state of some of her people who were slightly indisposed. Rosetta now asked grace for the old negro, Jack Eboe; at which Mustapha looked grave, and informed her that, as she requested it, he would let him out of the stocks that night; but he added that Jack had been detected in robbing a fellow-slave of ten dollars—"a crime," added the Mandingo, "for which in my country he would have had his right hand cut off. He wants nothing; he is exempt from work, and is known to have saved a very considerable sum of money."

This business settled, Charles retired to his chamber, and meditated on what happened to him—his hopeless attachment. Young gentlemen who are in love delight in misery;—yet despairing as his love was, he felt an indescribable delight in nourishing the passion. At times he tried to banish all thoughts of Rosetta, by reflecting on his future prospects; in a moment he commenced a system of air-castle building, in which kind of architecture lovers are generally great adepts. He imagined that he was serving under Wellington in the Peninsula—in a moment he had surmounted all the intermediate grades between an ensign and a field-marshal.

He was recalled from some of these ærial fancies by missing from his table his own miniature; he wondered the more, as things of the kind are seldom stolen by negroes; he inquired in vain of the domestics about the house if they saw it; the next day, to his surprise and gratification, he found the miniature in its accustomed place; he therefore conceived some of the servants had taken it merely to look at.

Shortly after, Melburn received a message from Rosetta, requesting
M.M. No. 105.

him to accompany her as far as Jack Eboe's cottage, which was about a mile from the estate. During their short journey Miss Belgrave informed him that the negro was dying, and had sent for both, expressing a great desire to see them and Mustapha ere his death.

They entered the hut in which lay the old Eboe negro; they found Mustapha there already. Jack, at seeing Miss Belgrave, muttered something in his native tongue which they could not understand, and then earnestly desired to be left alone with his mistress; at the same time begged Mustapha and Charles not to be beyond call; his looks were haggard, and his complexion had been changed by sickness from its sable to a yellowish hue.

"Mistress," said he, in a low tremulous voice, "I am now departing to the land of my fathers. I know I shall go there, for I never suffered the white priest to sprinkle over me his charmed water; the assembled Eboe negroes will shortly dance over the grave of him whom the white man called Jack, but who in his country was and will be called Oorra, which signifies 'the cunning.' Do not, my mistress, hinder this ceremony from being performed, as I never was baptized.* But this is not what I called you for. I have wronged you—deeply wronged you; I have plundered you, the unprotected orphan of my late kind master: often have I wished to restore my ill-gotten wealth, yet never was I able to conquer that strong attachment for gold which marks all my race; but now, on the eve of speeding across yon roving ocean to the land of my fathers, will Oorra make restitution. I am no Christian, yet there is something in my heart which tells me that the curse of the Great Spirit, which white men pray to, will attend him who robs the orphan, yet makes no restitution! Yet ere I do that, promise me one thing."

"What is that?"

"That you will look with favour on that noble youth who but now quitted this chamber, if he ever asks you to become his wife. He loves you—I know he does; and he has been kind to old Jack Eboe, who obtained kindness from few because he bestowed it on none."

"What, in the name of Heaven," stammered Rosetta, "has induced you to make such a request?"

"No matter; promise to comply, and you shall be rich: refuse me, and I speed to the shores of the Eboes, and your treasure lays buried until the billows of the main shall roll over this island. What, do you hesitate? Think you I bequeath you but the savings of the bondsman?—even that is worth inheriting; but I can make you mistress of the wealth your father lost the night ere his death; I have concealed it ever since; over this secret I have brooded, nursing it like revenge, which is at once the joy and torment of the injured."

"What say you, old man?—for the sake of Heaven do not deceive me: remember, you are now on your death-bed."

"I know it; even at this moment the blood of life grows chill in

* It is customary for Africans in the West Indies to dance only over the graves of such as have not been christened.

my limbs ; but I do not deceive you ; I have injured you too much already to do that."

"Where is my father's fortune?"

"Promise to comply with my request, and you shall know."

"Old man, old man!" said Rosetta, "why do you seek to impose such a condition on me, without having any knowledge of my feelings ; but if you force me to a confession——"

"Mistress," said the dying man, "there are no other ears but mine, and in a few minutes they will close."

"If it will render your last moments more happy," said Rosetta, in a subdued tone, "I promise what you require?"

"Enough," said the Eboe, "I am satisfied. Call in old Mustapha and Charles Melburn.—Now, listen to me," said the African. "Buried in the earth, immediately beneath my head, you will find a calabash containing ten times as many dollars as there are notches in this bed-post ; for every ten I cut a notch ; this I bequeath to Rosetta Belgrave : and at the back of this hut you will perceive a covered fowl-house ; remove the mass of woura* at the bottom, and immediately below the earth you will find a small chest. I do not bequeath her that, for it is hers ; it was I who, one hundred and sixty moons since, carried it from yonder house the night when you, Mustapha, brought it there, and when the black Caribs burst on the plantation. (The Mandingo muttered some expression of bitter recollection.) I know you call me villain ; so are all men villains for gold : for this does the white man traverse trackless oceans, guided by his invisible gods ; for this he converses with the viewless spirits of his books ; for this he wars ; for this he toils : and may not the poor Eboe, too, act the villain to obtain and hoard the treasure which the white man thinks he enjoys not, because he secretes it ? He little dreams that the recollection of his possession cheers the wretched bondage of the despised Eboe, and makes him bear oppression that drives the savage Coromanteean to rebellion, the gentle Angolean to suicide, and the desponding Moco to swallow the dirt trodden by man and beast. The Eboe's god is Hybony, who gives gold and precious stones to the earth, and rivers of the sand ;—he alone is worthy worship. Remember, beneath the trash of my fowl-house, you will find the long-lost gold and jewels of Rosetta Belgrave. The Christian negroes, who were regardless of the Obia-bag suspended over its roof, have sometimes plundered my poultry ; yet little thought those daring men of the riches beneath them. What said I ? yes, do not dig it up until I am departed ; I could not bear the sight of my long-buried wealth in another's hands."

He paused, and after looking wildly around him, said, "I have told you all, Rosetta ; obey my injunctions—and now I speed to the land of my fathers." The negro with a faint voice commenced chanting an uncouth Eboe song, which at best has a peculiarly harsh and melancholy sound ; but now, being uttered by the dying heathen with his failing and sepulchral voice, it was oppressive in the extreme ; his chanting grew fainter and fainter, until it gave way to

* Dried cane-leaves.

that awful rattling in the throat which is the forerunner of death. Rosetta could not endure the scene ; she was borne from the cottage fainting to an adjoining negro's, where she remained till she was sufficiently recovered to return home. At Melburn's return to the Oboe's he found his uncle had arrived, to whom they recounted what had taken place. Mustapha procured a spade, and the treasures were found precisely in the spot described by Jack, who was just dead. In a large calabash was found nine hundred dollars ; the chest was carefully wrapped round with a goat's skin dressed with poisonous herbs, which effectually kept it from insects and moisture that so abound in a tropical climate ; over the lock was fastened an egg-shell, containing a farago of trash well known by the appellation of Obia ; they could not discover any key, so they forced the lock, and found therein gold coins to the amount of four thousand pounds sterling ; a valuable set of jewels, which belonged to Rosetta's mother ; and, what was of greater value than all, the copies of several heavy bonds, and three mortgages of estates in the neighbouring islands. The friends of Belgrave were in part aware that he possessed these at his death ; yet his house, books, and papers left at Calliagua having been destroyed during the Caribbean war, nothing was known for certain ; but, though several of the parties whose bonds he held had died, and were bankrupt since Belgrave's death, yet such of the documents as were still valid were of sufficient amount to render Miss Belgrave opulent.

Rosetta now reassumed the estate of her father, the old mansion underwent repairs, and she left the plantation of Melburn, where she had so long been protected. Her faithful Mahometan guardian repaired the dilapidated and long-neglected sugar-works, which had been completely hidden in the thick mass of bushes that in sixteen years had grown over the water-mill, boiling-house, and distillery. All her friends and neighbours came with joyful countenance to congratulate Rosetta on the restoration of her long-lost wealth ; but amongst all none hailed her change of fortune with greater delight than her slaves. The old negroes, who had faithfully served the orphan child of their late master for sixteen years, looked upon themselves and their lovely mistress with pride, and spoke to her with a joyful familiarity ; not one of them but would have perilled his life for her sake.

Rosetta appeared to receive the congratulations of her friends with gratitude, but scarcely with joy ; for, amongst the number of her visitants, Charles Melburn was seldom seen, he conceiving that her good fortune had placed her further from him than ever. She thought of her promise to the dying negro, but it seemed that she would not be called upon to fulfil it. A circumstance, however, occurred of a terrible nature, which, amongst other *denouements*, likewise brought about that of this tale.

The plantation of Melburn and Rosetta stood on a fertile and extensive plain, which commenced at the base of the souffriere, and extended with gentle declivity to the north-east shore of the island. Nothing could surpass the romantic and picturesque appearance of the mountain, which is the last of a chain called Morne or Garon,

elevated 3,000 feet above the level of the sea. From this mountain descended many a limped stream and rapid river, which, passing through the plain, set in motion the various sugar-mills, and fertilized the land. The surface of this mountain bore various marks of its volcanic formation; yet, notwithstanding the lava, sulphur, and fused metal every where discernible on its soil, the powerful influence of tropical heat and moisture had clothed it with beautiful vegetation. The toil of the planter was every where visible. The apparently sterile surface was shaded by luxuriant and gigantic forest trees. The crater was about half a mile in diameter, and 500 feet in depth. In the centre of this gulf rose a conical hill to the height of 300 feet. Notwithstanding the upper part of this elevation was strewn with virgin sulphur, and that from some fissures on its top issued a thin, white smoke, which at night seemed tinged with azure flame; yet both the cone and the inside of the huge basin were beautifully garnished with a countless variety of dwarf-trees, brush-wood, vines, and aromatic shrubs. The Maroon parties, in the habit of visiting the crater, frequently bathed in two small lakes situated at the foot of the cone; one was of pure water, the other was strongly impregnated with sulphur, and supposed to possess medicinal qualities.

The whole appearance of the *souffriere* indicated that at some period it had been terribly convulsed; yet neither the aborigines, nor the Black Caribs, have preserved any tradition of such an event.

When Rosetta left Belgrave, and on her road homewards, she felt a violent trembling of the earth; in alarm she hastened towards her house; but ere she gained it, the subterraneous concussion increased most awfully, and was accompanied with that rumbling noise which usually attends earthquakes. Terribly appalled, she relinquished the rein, yet, although her horse was within a few yards of his stable, he would not proceed, but laid his ears on his neck, bristled his mane, trembled violently, threw himself back upon his haunches, extended his nostrils, and, with eyes gleaming with the frenzy of affright, looked towards the top of the mountain. Rosetta looked toward the volcano, when she beheld such immense volumes of dense black smoke bursting from the top of the *souffriere*, that the atmosphere was darkened. She shrieked; when, in an instant, she was lifted from off her saddle by the faithful Mustapha, and conveyed into the house.

The crater now threw up millions of tons of grey sand, which descended like a rain-storm on every part of the island, until it was covered with a sombre livery. The colony had an indescribable appearance; the green smiling landscapes were instantly changed, as though by an enchanted wand. For three days this sand-shower continued and increased, until every particle of vegetation was incruusted with it. On the third day at noon, the smoky column took a red hue, and burst forth with a dreadful force; the clouds which issued forth almost eclipsed the sun—its rays were superseded by the sheets of flame which illumined the atmosphere with the sanguine glare of Tartarus. The island and all on it, animate and inanimate, "shook like a coward." The air was strongly impregnated with a sulphureous odour; the volcano roared with a deafening sound; while, as the under-notes of this awful concert, were mingled the

cries of birds as they were beaten to the ground by the showers of ashes, the howling of domestic animals, the lowing of affrighted and starving cattle, the moaning of negroes, and the shrieks of Indians who abandoned their settlements and fled to the capital.

The hour of eve arrived, and brought with it accumulated horrors ; the burst of flame from the crater increased in extent and fury, rushing upwards into the clouds, which were continually rent asunder by azure flashes of lightning. Countless objects of terror were added to this spectacle—pieces of metallic substance, of various forms and sizes, like shells and rockets, flew in all directions through the thick smoke which hung over the volcano, and fell with deafening crash ; through the mass of liquid fire darted large globular bodies of red lava, which ascending higher than the flame, exploded, and either fell back into the raging gulf, or precipitated themselves amongst the cultivation of the island, or on the dwellings of its inhabitants, which were instantly in a blaze. The lava now poured out of the northern side of the mountain. In vain was it opposed by a huge point of land, the burning mass so increased that it surmounted all opposition. Taking the form of an inverted pyramid, this infernal torrent rushed down the mountain, carrying woods and rocks in its course ; and, precipitating itself into a large ravine, the blazing stream reached the sea. “It seemed,” to use the words of a spectator, “as though the fires of central hell had burst their dungeon, and were trying to spread themselves over the earth.”*

An earthquake, more severe than any yet felt, now agitated the island ; to this succeeded a heavy fall of cinders, and this again was followed by a fall of stones mingled with fire, by which many lost their lives ; these showers continued all the night, and until the afternoon of the next day (May the 1st), when the *souffriere* seemed to have expended its tremendous rage, and sank into solemn silence ; it, however, burned for six weeks after, but without doing further injury.

Such was the dreadful eruption of the *souffriere* of 1812 ; the damage sustained by this visitation was incalculable ; so heavy a quantity of ashes covered the island that famine would have resulted but for the prompt benevolence of the neighbouring colonies. Barbadoes, though eighty miles to the windward of St. Vincent, was covered several inches deep with grey sand, although the weather was quite calm ; and terror was spread over the island by the approach of the utter darkness, which continued for four hours and a half. In Trinidad, at a distance of three degrees of longitude, so loud and continued did the thunders of the volcano sound that the regular troops and the militia were put under arms, it being supposed that the reports proceeded from hostile fleets engaging. The beautiful appearance of the *souffriere* was entirely destroyed, in so much that the Indian born and bred in its neighbourhood scarcely believed it to be the same mountain that his eyes were accustomed to survey ; all its beautiful forest was destroyed ; the conical mount

* These expressions were used by a Black Carib, who, with many of his tribe, was so frightened with the event described above, that he abandoned his land, and settled at Toco, in Trinidad.

disappeared ; a yellow-coloured lake supplied its place, and a new crater was formed on the N. E. side ; some rivers and ravines were dried up, or their courses filled with lava ; others, being forced from their channel, sought a subterraneous course. Years after, some of these broke through their barrier and sought the sea, carrying away men and buildings.

But to resume the narrative. It was in the afternoon of the 30th of April, when Melburn, fearing some accident might befall Rosetta, set out from his uncle's estate to visit her. He made his way through a shower of sand, and, on arriving near the old dwelling, to his agony and dismay he found it in flames ; a mass of fire had fallen on the end, by which it was entered ; and to complete his horror he heard Rosetta shriek for help. The house was built of wood, and rested upon pillars elevated eighteen feet from the ground. He attempted to pass up the wooden staircase, but it was wrapped in flames. Charles possessed the rapidity and active courage that generally characterizes the West Indian, in which respect they yield to none. Defeated in his first attempt, with the speed of lightning he sprung up a tall cocoa-nut tree that grew beside the blazing house ; from the top of this he leaped on the part of the roof not yet on fire. By his heavy plunge the old shingles* gave way beneath him, and the house having no ceiling he fell on the floor of the hall. In an instant he was on his feet, and beheld Rosetta at the window ; the negroes were below encouraging her to leap. This she feared to do : not a moment was to be lost : to catch her in his arms, hold her out of the window, and drop her down, was the work of an instant, and the people below caught her without the slightest accident. He heard a favorite negro girl of Rosetta's cry ; he caught her up and dropped her out also, but with less success than her mistress ; the infant was severely but not fatally injured in the fall. Although, from the time of his ascending the cocoa-nut tree till he threw out the child, but a few seconds had elapsed, yet he had not one moment to lose ; so quickly the conflagration spread that his dress was scorched ere he could leap out of the window, which he did safely. He followed the group of negroes who were conveying their fainting mistress into the sugar works, which were fire-proof, to recover her. He relieved them of their lovely burthen, and flew with her to the asylum, but in so doing made a discovery which satisfied him on a point which had long and bitterly agitated him. As he delivered his fainting charge to her woman, a locket, which she always wore in her bosom, became disengaged from its concealment, and fell. On taking it up, Charles, with feelings little short of transport, found it to contain a miniature likeness of himself ! He instantly remembered the time he missed the miniature he had brought from England, and the fact became manifest to him that Rosetta had caused it to be taken and copied. While he was indulging in the joy of his discovery Rosetta became gradually restored, and her first expression was—"Where is Charles ? where is my deliverer ?" Melburn's joy was complete.

* Thin strips of wood used as tiles.

The days have passed when an author could minutely record all the events of a marriage, and take space to describe his heroine's dress on the occasion ; he can now only remark that at the dwelling of this amiable pair he passed two days, during a too brief sojourn in St. Vincent ; and if they did not consider their choice happy, and had no reason to bless their situation, they must have been extraordinary hypocrites.

Mustapha had lodged the treasure belonging to his mistress with a respectable merchant in Kingston the first day of the eruption of the soufriere ; he is now on the verge of extreme old age, but he enjoys good health, and is always with Rosetta's children, telling them stories of the war and the bursting of the soufriere ; but none of his tales he relates with such delight as that in which he gives the account of how he saved their mother from the Black Caribs.

ST. CATHERINE'S HILL.

TIME wears—a few fast fleeting hours remain
 Before I launch on life's tempestuous main,
 That dangerous tide by darkling clouds o'ercast,
 Which leave each hour uncertain but the last.
 But yet before that dark abyss I try,
 And spread my sail beneath an unknown sky ;
 Here let me pause, with feelings ill defined,
 And breathe one last farewell to all I leave behind.
 Thou grassy steep, that rear'st thy fir-crown'd head,
 The towering monarch of the peaceful mead,
 While yet I view thy summit known so well,
 Receive a son of Wykeham's last farewell.
 Yes, I have loved upon thy dizzy brow
 To gaze upon thy fair domain below,
 Thy meadows water'd by a thousand rills,
 Yon barren amphitheatre of hills,
 Till my glad eye exulting wide to roam,
 Sought far beyond them all my island home.
 Then while thy sister mountain met my gaze,
 Half seen, half melting in the distant haze,
 Each well known spot my fancy would explore,
 Thread the deep woodland, climb the rocky shore,
 Or tread, if summer blazed with scorching beam,
 The moss that fringed Medina's infant stream.
 Farewell, perchance these feet no more shall tread,
 In all the joy of youth, thy grassy head,
 No more survey thy vale in all its charms,
 Peaceful as infant in its mother's arms ;
 Yet long on thee the mind shall love to dwell,
 Still view each sunny hill, each shelter'd dell ;
 And though I see, on fortune's billows tost,
 My hopes all shipwreck'd, all my prospects lost,
 Yet still to thee my heart shall fondly turn,
 Feel joys forgotten in its bosom burn,
 Retrace its boyhood, taste the wish'd repose,
 And, in the peace of youth, forget its manhood's woes.

CLAVIGO: A TRAGEDY;

(FROM THE GERMAN OF GÖETHE).

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Clavigo.—Keeper of the Royal Archives.*Carlos*.—Friend of Clavigo.*Beaumarchais*.*Guilbert*.—Brother-in-law to Beaumarchais.*Buenco*.*Saint George*.

WOMEN.

Maria Beaumarchais.*Sophia Guilbert*

SCENE—MADRID.

ACT I.—*An Apartment in Clavigo's House.***Clavigo and Carlos*.—*Clavigo rising from a writing-desk.*

Clav. This paper will produce a considerable sensation, it will enchant the women. Tell me, *Carlos*, don't you think my periodical is now one of the first in Europe?

Car. In Spain, at least, we have no modern writer, who unites so much power of thought and glowing imagination, with such a brilliant and flowing style.

Clav. Yes! I must create good taste among the people. Men are open to receive various impressions. I have acquired a fame among my fellow-citizens; and, between you and I, my knowledge increases daily, my sentiments expand, and my style becomes purer and more nervous.

Car. True, *Clavigo*! but don't take it unkindly if I say, your productions pleased me much better when you wrote at the feet of *Maria*, while the dear sprightly creature influenced you. I don't know; but the whole had a more vigorous, a more blooming appearance.

Clav. Ah! those were happy times, *Carlos*; but they are passed now. I frankly own I wrote then with a more open heart, and, in truth, I owe to her one-half the applause, which, from the very beginning, the public bestowed on me. But, after all, *Carlos*, one soon gets satiated with women; and, were not you the first to commend my resolution, when I determined to leave her?

Car. You would soon have been spoiled. There is such monotony in them. But it is high time now to look out for some new object; there is nothing to be done while you continue so totally undecided.

Clav. The court is the object I aim at, and to reach that requires unceasing activity. Have I not done pretty well for a foreigner, who came here without rank, name, or fortune? Here at a court!—amidst a throng

* In a review of Göethe's Posthumous Works in the last Foreign Quarterly, it is stated that Göethe, at the request of a lady, dramatized the story of "Clavigo" in eight days. However short the time of producing this tragedy, it is a great favourite with us, and we think quite worthy the genius of the great Poet of Germany. We are not aware that any translation has hitherto been given to the public. The story has been told—and powerfully and beautifully told—on canvas, by that youthful genius, Theodor Von Holst, and appeared at the last exhibition of the Royal Academy. We confess that it was this exquisite picture which induced us to offer to our readers the present translation.

of men where it so difficult to obtain notice? I feel a tranquil joy while I contemplate the way I have made. Beloved by the chief of the kingdom; honoured for my knowledge—my rank; keeper of the royal archives! These thoughts stimulate me, Carlos; I should be nothing should I remain what I am. Mount!—mount!—but climbing requires labour and address! With the exercise of a mastery of wit, and the women! women!—we trifle away too much time with them.

Car. Foolish fellow! there is your weakness. I can never live without women either; but they are no impediment to me. To be sure, I don't say so many pretty things to them, nor am I to be consoled for months together with sentiment, and the like; and therefore I detest having to do with your virtuous girls, for scarcely have you chatted a little with them than you are clogged with them: and when you have insinuated yourself into their good graces, the devil seizes them with thoughts of matrimony and proposals of marriage, which I dread as I do the plague.—You are thoughtful, Clavigo.

Clav. I cannot shake off the recollection of having left Maria—betrayed call it, if you will.

Car. Strange! yet it seems to me we exist but once in the world—have these powers, these prospects but once, and he who does not make the best of them is an idiot; and to marry—to marry! just at the time when it may be said you are soaring into life—to domesticate, to retrench, before you have made half your way—half your conquests. That you loved her was natural, that you promised her marriage was a folly: but if you had kept your word, it had indeed been madness.

Clav. Well, I can't comprehend man. I loved her sincerely; she captivated me and bound me as with a spell; and as I sat at her feet, I swore to her—I swore to myself, it should be thus eternally, that I would be hers as soon as I had obtained office and rank; and now, Carlos!

Car. It will be time enough when you have succeeded—when you have reached the desired end—that you then seek, by a prudent alliance with some considerable and wealthy family, to crown and fix your fortunes.

Clav. She is vanished—quite vanished from my heart. Were it not that her unhappiness at times crosses my brain—alas! that one should be so changeable!

Car. It would surprise me more if you were constant. Does not every thing in the world change? Wherefore should our passions be immutable? Comfort yourself—she is not the first woman who has been forsaken, nor the first who has consoled herself. If I may advise you, there is the young widow opposite—

Clav. You know such proposals don't suit me. An intrigue which does not arise quite accidentally has no power to captivate me.

Car. Some folks are over delicate—

Clav. So it is. But don't forget that our main object now is to make ourselves indispensable to the new minister; What having given up the governorship of India is disagreeable for us. However, I do not feel apprehensive; his influence remains. Grimaldi and he are friends. We can prate, and bow—

Car. And think and act as we please.

Clav. That is the main point. (*Rings—To a Servant*) Take this sheet to the printer.

Car. Shall I see you this evening?

Clav. I hardly know—perhaps you will look in.

Car. I should like a little something this evening in the way of amusement. I must write all the afternoon. My work is never done!

Clav. Well, well. If we had not laboured for so many, we should not have raised ourselves above so many. (*Exeunt*)

Scene changes to Guilbert's House.

Sophia Guilbert, Maria Beaumarchais, and Don Buenco.

Buen. You have had a restless night?

Sop. I told her she would last evening. She had such an ungovernable flow of spirits, and chattered till eleven o'clock; then she became overheated, could not sleep, and now sighs and weeps incessantly.

Mar. Alas! my brother is not come! He should have been here two days ago.

Sop. Have patience—he will soon come.

Mar. (*Rising.*) How eager I am to see this brother, my judge and my deliverer. I scarcely remember him.

Sop. Oh! I can imagine him well. At thirteen he was a fiery, sincere, brave boy as ever lived.

Mar. A noble, great soul. You have read his letter. He writes as though he participated my wretchedness. Every syllable is engraven on my heart. "If you are guilty," he writes, "then expect no mercy; but added to your misery you shall feel the weight of a brother's scorn and a father's curse. If you are innocent, O! then, ample vengeance, all burning vengeance on the betrayer!" I tremble at his coming. I tremble not on my own account, I stand before God in my innocence.—You must, my friend!—I know not what I wish! O Clavigo.

Sop. You are a heedless girl! You will fret yourself to death.

Mar. I will be calm! I will not even weep. I think I have no more tears to shed! and why should I weep, unless with sorrow that I embitter your life? For, in reality, what cause have I to complain? I enjoyed much pleasure while our friend lived. Clavigo's love to me was infinite happiness, perhaps more than my love was to him; and now what remains? What gratification remains for me? What gratification for a girl should he break his heart with remorse

Buen. For God's sake, Mademoiselle!

Mar. Can he feel the same—now he no longer loves me? Ah! why am I not more worthy his love?—But he should pity me!—pity the poor girl to whom he has made himself so indispensable—who must now drag out a wretched existence without him.—Pity! I would not be pitied by a man.

Sop. Would I could induce you to despise him—the worthless, hateful fellow!

Mar. No, sister, worthless he is not. And should I then despise whom I hate?—Hate! yes, often do I hate him—often when the Spanish spirit comes upon me. Even now, oh, even now, as we met him, his look inspired me with the sincerest love!—But, when I returned home and remembered his conduct, and the cold, unmoved glance he cast upon me while at the side of his glittering Donna, then I became in heart a Spanish woman—I grasped my dagger, grew envenomed, and disguised myself.—You are amazed, Buenco!—'Tis all imaginary.

Sop. Foolish girl!

Mar. My imagination conducted me into his presence—I saw him at the feet of his new beloved, lavishing all the professions of devotion and humility, with which he poisoned my soul.—I aimed my dagger at the heart of the betrayer!—Ah, Buenco!—At once the good-natured French girl became herself again, who knows no love potions nor dagger for revenge. We are deficient in these.—We have vaudevilles to lecture our lovers, fans to chastise them, and, if they become false—tell me, sister, what do they do in France when lovers prove untrue.

Sop. They execrate them.

Mar. And—

Sop. And let them go.

Mar. Go!—then why should I not let Clavigo go?—If that is the custom

in France, why should it not be so in Spain?—Why should a Frenchwoman be other than a Frenchwoman in Spain?—We will let him go, and take another.—They do that too with us, I believe?

Buen. He has broken a solemn promise, not a mere romantic slight attachment. Mademoiselle, you are injured, afflicted to the inmost core; never did my insignificant station in life, of an humble burgher of Madrid, afflict me so much as now, since I feel myself too weak, too powerless, to execute justice upon this perfidious courtier!

Mar. When he was merely Clavigo, before he became keeper of the royal archives, a stranger newly introduced into our house, how amiable he was, how good! All his ambition, every effort, seemed to be the offspring of his love. For my sake he struggled to obtain name, station, fortune; he has obtained them and I—

Enter Guilbert.

Guilb. (Aside to his wife.) Your brother is arrived.

Mar. My brother! (*Agitated they lead her to a chair.*) Where! where! let me see him! conduct me to him!

Enter Beaumarchais.

Beau. My sister! (*Hastily turning from the eldest to the youngest.*) My sister! my love! oh sister!

Mar. Are you come? Thank God you are come.

Beau. Let me recover myself.

Mar. My heart, my poor heart!

Sop. Calm yourself. Dear brother I hoped to see you more tranquil.

Beau. More tranquil! Are you then tranquil? do I not see in the blighted form of this dear one, in your tearful eyes, in your pallid cheeks, by the dead silence of your friend, that you are as miserable as I pictured to myself throughout my journey? And more miserable—for now I see you, I hold you in my arms, your presence redoubles my feelings—Oh, my sister!

Sop. And our father?

Beau. He will bless you, and me if I vindicate you.

Buen. Sir, permit a stranger, who at the first glance recognizes in you a noble, brave man, to express the sincere and cordial sympathy he has felt at this calamity. Sir! you have undertaken this immense journey to vindicate, to avenge your sister. Welcome! you are welcome as an angel, though you put us all equally to the blush.

Beau. I hoped, Sir, to find such hearts as yours in Spain; which spurred me on to take this step. I never despaired of finding generous souls, to sympathise and assist, and if but one steps forth to countenance our pursuit, it acts as an incentive to our resolution. And, oh! my friend, I have that hopeful expectation! There are excellent men to be found in every place amongst the great and powerful, and the ear of majesty itself is seldom deaf; although our voices are often too weak to ascend thus high.

Sop. Come, sister! come! She is quite insensible. *They lead her away.*

Mar. My brother!

Beau. God grant, you are innocent, and then vengeance upon the betrayer! (*Maria and Sophia exeunt.*) "My brother!" My dear sister! I see by your countenance you are innocent. Let me collect myself. And then—a clear impartial relation of the whole history—That shall determine my actions. The consciousness of having a good cause will strengthen my resolution; and believe me, if we are in the right, we shall find justice.

ACT II.—Clavigo's House.

Clav. Who can these Frenchmen be who have been announced? Frenchmen! Once this name was welcome to me!—And why not now? It is

wonderful, a man who is set over so many is himself bound with a silken cord.—Away!—Do I owe more to Maria than to myself? And is it a duty to make myself unhappy, because a woman loves me?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The foreigners, Sir.

Clav. Show them in. Did you inform their attendants that I expected them to breakfast?

Serv. As you commanded, Sir.

Clav. I shall return directly. *(Exit.)*

Enter Beaumarchais and Saint George. Servant places chairs for them, and exit.

Beau. I am so delighted! so happy! my friend, that I am here at last, that I have him—he shall not escape. Be you calm—at least appear so. My sister! my sister! who could have believed you to be as innocent as you are unhappy? The day will come when you shall be amply avenged. And thou, gracious God! preserve the calmness of soul which thou hast vouchsafed me in this moment, that I may act with all prudence and moderation in this horrible affliction.

St. George. All your prudence, all your reflection and caution, my friend, which you have learned from experience, I challenge on this occasion; and once more, my dear friend, let me intreat you to bear in mind where you are: in a foreign country where all your friends, all your gold, will not secure you against the private machinations of an unprincipled foe.

Beau. You be collected. Act your part well—he will not know which of us he has to deal with. I'll torture him. O! I am just in the humour to roast the villain at a slow fire.

Enter Clavigo.

Clav. Gentlemen, I feel great pleasure in receiving men from a nation which I have always esteemed.

Beau. I hope, Sir, we may be found worthy the honour you are pleased to do our countrymen.

St. George. The desire of becoming acquainted with you overcame our fear of being troublesome.

Clav. Persons of such prepossessing appearance should not carry their modesty so far.

Beau. You can scarcely be regarded as a foreigner, to foreigners who visit you, since you have made yourself as well known in distant kingdoms by the excellence of your writings, as you are distinguished in your own country by the eminent office which his majesty has conferred upon you.

Clav. The king shews much kindness for my slight services, and the public extend great indulgence to the insignificant essays of my pen. I wish to contribute in some measure to the improvement of taste in my country, and to the extension of science; for it is these chiefly which unite us with other nations; it is these which create friends in the remotest regions of the earth, and preserves the most grateful intercourse even among those who, alas! are often separated by state policy.

Beau. It is delightful to hear a man talk thus who possesses an equal influence over the state and sciences, and I own you have completely anticipated me, and your sentiments lead me at once to the business which has drawn me here. A society of learned and estimable men have commissioned me to institute a correspondence in every place I may pass through, and find opportunity, between them and the literati of the kingdom. Now as no Spaniard excels the author of the weekly papers signed "The Thinker," with the writer of which I presume I have the honour to converse (*Clavigo bows courteously*); and one peculiar ornament of this learned writer being to unite with his talents so great a degree of pru-

dence, that he cannot fail to attain that splendid exaltation to which his knowledge and character entitle him, I believe I could not render my friends a more pleasurable service than uniting them with such a man.

Clav. No proposal could afford me a sincerer gratification, gentlemen; it fulfils the pleasing hope which my heart has long entertained without having had any prospect of realizing it; not that I imagine myself competent to satisfy the wishes of your literary friends, my vanity does not carry me so far; but as I have the pleasure of communicating with the ablest men in Spain, nothing can remain unknown to me that is accomplished throughout the kingdom in the arts and sciences even by private or secluded individuals. Thus I have hitherto regarded myself as a trader with the trifling merit of making the inventions of others popular; but I shall now become, through your interposition, a merchant, who has the good fortune to extend the reputation of his native country by an exchange of home productions, and thereby enrich it in foreign estimation. Therefore, Sir, permit me to treat the man who makes so agreeable a proposal to me, and with such frankness, as a friend, and allow me to ask what business has brought you such a distance? Not that I wish to satisfy any idle curiosity; no, believe me, I rather ask from the purest motives, that I may use whatever influence I may at any time possess in your favour; for I forewarn you that you are come to a place where a foreigner, more especially at court, has to encounter innumerable difficulties in transacting his affairs.

Beau. I accept your generous offer with my best thanks. I have no secrets to communicate, Sir; and my friend here will not interfere with my narration, as he is fully informed of what I have to say to you. (*Clavigo looks attentively at St. George.*) A French merchant with a large family, possessing but little fortune, had numerous correspondents in Spain. One of the richest of them, about fifteen years ago, came to Paris, and made him this proposal, "Give me two of your daughters; I will take them to Madrid, and provide for them. I am single, old, and without relations. They will constitute the happiness of my old age, and, at my death, I will leave them one of the most considerable mercantile establishments in Spain." The eldest and one of the youngest sisters were intrusted to him. The father undertook to supply the firm with the French goods they might desire; and thus had good prospects every way, till the correspondent died without having in any way provided for his protégées, who, consequently, found themselves in a most grievous predicament, having to begin a new trade alone. In the mean time, the eldest married; and, notwithstanding the slender state of their finances, they gained many friends by their good conduct and sweetness of disposition, who alternately exerted themselves to extend their credit and business. (*Clavigo becomes more attentive.*) About this time, a young man, a native of the Canary Islands, was introduced into their house. (*All vivacity forsakes Clavigo's countenance, and his seriousness changes at times into embarrassment, which becomes more and more perceptible.*) Notwithstanding the lowness of his condition they complaisantly received him. The ladies perceiving in him an ardent desire to learn the French language, facilitated by every means his acquiring considerable knowledge in a short time. Eager to gain a name, the thought struck him of setting up at Madrid the yet unknown gratification of a weekly publication in the style of the English Spectator. His patronesses failed not to assist him to the utmost of their power. They doubted not that such an undertaking would succeed. Stimulated with the hope of soon becoming a man of some consequence, he ventured to make proposals to the youngest. She gave him hopes, "Try to establish yourself," said the eldest; "and when you have obtained an office, gained favour at court, or by any other means acquired a right to think of my sister, then, if she prefers you to other suitors, I will not refuse you my consent." (*Clavigo moves in his*

seat in the deepest perplexity.) The youngest declined many considerable matches; cherished a passion for the youth, which helped to support her under cares attendant on uncertain expectations. She interested herself in his happiness as for her own, and stimulated him in the composition of the first paper of his weekly publication, which appeared under very promising auspices. (*Clavigo in extreme embarrassment.*) The work was astonishingly successful. The king himself, delighted with their beautiful production, bestowed on the author public tokens of his favour. He was promised the first considerable office which should become vacant. From that moment he distanced all rivals from his beloved, and he openly paid his addresses to her. Their marriage was delayed solely in expectation of the promised provision. At length, after waiting six years of uninterrupted friendship, assistance, and love on her part; after six years of devotion, gratitude, attention, and the most sacred assurances on his part, the office appears, and he vanishes. (*A deep sigh escapes Clavigo, which he endeavours to conceal, and is quite disconcerted.*) The affair created great sensation, and an eclairsissement was expected. A house for two families had been hired. The whole town talked of it. The ladies' friends were enraged, and sought for vengeance. They applied to the powerful patron, but the trifler, who was already initiated in the cabals of the court, knew how to render their endeavours fruitless, and went so far in his insolence, that he dared to threaten the unhappy girl, ventured to tell those friends who waited on him that "the Frenchwomen had better be cautious;" he warned them "how they injured him, and if they dared to undertake any proceeding to his prejudice, it would be an easy matter for him to ruin them, as they were in a foreign country, without protection or assistance." The poor girl, upon this information, fell into convulsions, which threatened her life. In the depth of her misery the eldest wrote to France an account of the open insult which had been offered them. The intelligence fearfully agitated their brother, he applied for leave of absence in order personally to give advice and assistance in this embarrassing affair; he has flown from Paris to Madrid. That brother am I! who have left all—country, duty, family, rank, fortune, to revenge in Spain an innocent, unhappy sister. I come armed with the justest cause, and a thorough determination to unmask a betrayer, with sanguinary purpose to show him his base soul!—That betrayer—art thou!

Clav. Hear me, Sir!—I am—I have—I doubt not—

Beau. Do not interrupt me. You have nothing to say, and much to hear. Now to make a beginning, be so good as to explain before this gentleman, who has come with me from France expressly, whether my sister, from any faithlessness, levity, weakness, bad habit, or any fault, has merited this open insult from you.

Clav. No, Sir; your sister, Donna Maria, is a lady full of intellect, amiability and virtue.

Beau. Has she, by her conversation at any time, given you occasion to complain of her, or to esteem her less?

Clav. Never! never once!

Beau. (*Standing up.*) And why monster! had you the cruelty to torture the poor girl to death? because her heart preferred you to many others, who were all richer and more honourable than you.

Clav. Oh, sir! if you knew how I have been instigated—how I, through many advisers and circumstances—

Beau. Enough! (*To Saint George.*) You have heard my sister's exculpation—go and circulate it. What I have further to say to this gentleman needs no witness. (*Clavigo rises. Saint George exit.—To Clavigo.*) Stay! stay! (*Both sit down.*) * As we have gone so far, I will make you a proposal to which I hope you will assent. It is neither your wish nor mine that you should

marry Maria, and you must feel that I am not come to play the part of a brother in a comedy, who requires an explanation, and procures a husband for his sister. You have premeditatedly insulted an honourable girl, because you believed her destitute of succour or the means of revenge in a foreign country. Thus acts the base coward. Now, in the first place, write with your own hand voluntarily, with open doors and in the presence of your servants—that you are a detestable villain, who has betrayed, deceived, and, without the slightest cause, humiliated my sister, with this declaration I shall go to Aranjuez, where our ambassador resides, show it, have it printed, and after to-morrow it will be disseminated through the court and town. I have powerful friends here, have time and money, and I will employ them all to persecute you most relentlessly, until my sister's anger be appeased, and she herself arrests my efforts.

Clav. I will not make this declaration.

Beau. That I believe, for, perhaps, were I in your place, I should be equally unwilling to do it. But this is your alternative. If you do not write it, then I will remain; from this moment I will not leave you, but will follow you about until, weary of such fellowship, you seek to rid yourself of me by the sword. If I prove more fortunate than you; without seeing the ambassador, without having spoken with a single person here, I will take my dying sister in my arms, place her in my carriage and return with her to France. Should fate favour you, I have done my duty, and you may then laugh at our cost; meanwhile the breakfast! (*Rings the bell. A servant brings chocolate. Beaumarchais takes his cup, and walks about the adjoining gallery, viewing the pictures.*)

Clav. Air! Air!—Thou art taken unawares—caught like a child—where art thou, Clavigo? How wilt thou end this?—How canst thou end it?—Horrible dilemma, into which thy folly, thy treachery, have precipitated thee! (*Seizes his sword from the table.*) Ha! brief—and easy. (*Replaces it.*) And is there no way, no alternative, but death—or murder! horrible murder!—To rob the unhappy girl of her last comfort, her only succour, her brother!—To shed the blood of this noble, brave youth!—And thus load thyself with the insupportable curse of a family doubly injured!—O! that was not the prospect in the early days of our acquaintance, when that amiable creature attracted thee by her numberless charms! And, when thou didst forsake her, sawest thou not the frightful consequences of the shameful act! What bliss awaited thee in her arms! in the friendship of such a brother!—Maria! Maria! O that thou couldst forgive! that I might at thy feet expiate all with my repentant tears!—And why not?—My heart overflows; my soul swells with hope!—Sir!

Beau. What, have you resolved?

Clav. Hear me! My treachery to your sister is not to be excused. Vanity misled me. I feared the accomplishment of my hopes, that my prospects of a life of celebrity would be destroyed by this marriage. Could I have known she had such a brother, she would have appeared in my eyes no insignificant foreigner; but, I should have anticipated the most considerable advantages from this union. You inspire me with the highest esteem; and while you make me deeply feel the injustice I have done your sister, you infuse a desire, a power, to redress the wrong. I will throw myself at her feet! Oh, aid me! Aid, if it be possible to obliterate my guilt, and end this misery. Restore me your sister, Sir; bestow her on me! How happy should I be to receive a wife from your hand, and pardon for my misconduct.

Beau. It is too late! My sister no longer loves you, and I abhor you. Write the desired declaration, that is all I require of you. And leave to me the task of accomplishing my revenge.

Clav. Your obstinacy is neither just nor judicious. I grant you, that now,

it does not depend upon me to redress an injury of so depraved a character. Whether I can redress it? that depends on the heart of your excellent sister, whether she will condescend again to look on a wretch who does not deserve to behold the light of day. But it is your duty, Sir, to consult her wish, and act accordingly, if you would have your conduct construed otherwise than the excess of youthful impetuosity. If Donna Maria is inflexible—Oh! I know her heart! Oh! her generous angelic soul hovers in full perfection before me! If she is inexorable, then it will be time enough, Sir—

Beau. I wait for the declaration.

Clav. (*Going to the table.*) But if I have recourse to my sword!

Beau. (*Going.*) Very well, Sir! Beautiful, Sir!

Clav. (*Detaining him.*) One word more. You have a just cause. Allow that I possess some skill. Think on what you are doing. In either case we are inevitably lost. Should I not sink with pain and anguish if your blood stained my sword, and I were to rob Maria of her brother, too, in the midst of all her unhappiness; and then—the murderer of Clavigo would not measure back the Pyrenees.

Beau. The declaration, Sir, the declaration!

Clav. Be it so, then. I will do every thing to convince you of the sincerity of my intentions, which your presence has inspired. I will write the declaration. I will write it from your dictation; only promise not to make use of it until I have had an opportunity of convincing Donna Maria of my changed, repentant heart. Till I have spoken with her sister—till she has kindly interceded for me with my beloved—wait till then, Sir.

Beau. I am going to Aranjuez.

Clav. Well, then, you will keep the declaration in your portfolio till you return; if by that time I have not obtained forgiveness, let your vengeance take its course. This proposition appears to me just, proper, moderate; and if you will not agree to it, then let the game between us be for life or death; but whoever falls, the victims of your precipitancy are still yourself and your poor sister.

Beau. It becomes you to pity those you have made unhappy.

Clav. Does my proposal satisfy you?

Beau. Well, I consent! But not one moment longer. At my return from Aranjuez I shall inquire—learn! and if they have not forgiven you to my satisfaction, I immediately send the paper to the press.

Clav. (*Taking paper.*) How do you desire it?

Beau. Sir! in the presence of your domestics.

Clav. Why so?

Beau. You order them into the adjoining gallery. It shall not be said I forced you to do it.

Clav. What scrupulousness!

Beau. I am in Spain, and have to deal with you.

Clav. Now then! (*Rings.—Enter Servant.*) Call my household together, and assemble here in the gallery. (*Exit Servant. The Domestics come and seat themselves in the Gallery.*) You leave it to me to word the reparation?

Beau. No, Sir! write, I beg—write as I dictate. (*Clavigo writes.*) “I, the undersigned Joseph Clavigo, keeper of the Royal Archives—”

Clav. Archives—

Beau. “Acknowledge that I, after having been most cordially received into the house of Madame Guilbert—”

Clav. Madame Guilbert—

Beau. “Have deceived her sister, Mademoiselle von Beaumarchais, with reiterated promises of marriage.” Have you written that?

Clav. Sir!

Beau. Have you another term for it?

Clav. I should have thought—

Beau. "Have deceived." What you have done you can surely write.—
"I left her without knowing any failing or weakness on her part to furnish
a pretext or apology for this perfidy—"

Clav. Now!

Beau. "On the contrary, the conduct of the ladies has been always
pure, irreproachable, and worthy of all veneration—"

Clav. Of all veneration—

Beau. "I acknowledge that by my conduct, the levity of my discourse,
and the interpretation to which these were subject, I have openly humili-
ated this virtuous lady, for which I implore her forgiveness, although I
do not deem myself worthy of obtaining it." (*Clav. stopping.*) Write!
write! "Which acknowledgment I have given unrestrainedly and
voluntarily, with this especial promise, that should this not be esteemed
sufficient satisfaction to the injured, I am ready to give it in any other
manner that may be required.—Madrid."

(*Clavigo rises, beckons to the servants to retire, gives Beaumarchais
the paper.*)

Clav. I have to do with an injured but a noble man. You will keep
your word then and defer your revenge. With this expectation solely and
with this hope have I with my own hand written this disgraceful paper,
whereto nothing else could have impelled me. But ere I venture to
appear before Donna Maria I have determined to commission some one to
speak to her for me,—and that person is yourself.

Beau. Do not rely upon me.

Clav. At least tell her the bitter heartfelt repentance you have witnessed
in me. That is all I desire of you; do not deny me this. I must choose
another, though a less powerful intercessor, but you owe her at least a
true relation; tell her, therefore, the state in which you find me!

Beau. Well, that I can and will do. And so adieu.

Clav. Farewell! (*Offers his hand, Beaumarchais draws back, and exit.*)
So unexpectedly hurried from one situation into another. One grows giddy;
dreams as it were!—I ought not to have given this reparation.—But it
came upon me so suddenly, as unexpected as a thunder storm!

Enter Carlos.

Car. What visiter have you had? The whole house is in an uproar.
What does it all mean?

Clav. Maria's brother.

Car. I guessed as much. That old dog of a servant of mine, who for-
merly lived with Guilbert, now I recollect, told me yesterday he was
expected. So he has been here?

Clav. A most excellent youth.

Car. Whom we will soon get rid of. I have already hit upon a plan!—
Well, what's the upshot? a challenge? an apology? Was he terribly hot,
the jockey?

Clav. He desired a declaration that his sister gave me no cause for the
desertion.

Car. And did you make it?

Clav. I thought it right to do so.

Car. Good—very good! Has nothing else transpired?

Clav. He insisted upon a duel or the reparation.

Car. The latter was the most prudent, for who would risk his life in so
romantic and idle a matter? And was he furious in his demand of the
paper?

Clav. He dictated it to me, and I was obliged to summon my servants
into the gallery.

Car. I understand! ah! now I have you, young gentleman! That will do for him; call me a novice, if I have not my youth in safe keeping within these two days, and shipped to India by the next transport.

Clav. No, Carlos, the affair is different to what you think it.

Car. How?

Clav. I hope through his mediation, and my own earnest endeavours, to obtain pardon from the unhappy girl.

Car. Clavigo!

Clav. I hope to blot out the past, to restore lost tranquillity, and thus again become an honourable man in my own and the world's esteem.

Car. The devil! are you struck childish? It is easy to see you are a scholar.—To suffer yourself to be so cajoled! Do you not perceive that this is a plot designed to entrap you?

Clav. No, Carlos, he will not hear of marriage. They will not listen to any proposal.

Car. That's the right pitch. Now, my dear friend, do not be angry, but I have seen them in comedies cozen a country younker to just the same tune.

Clav. You wrong me—I beg you will spare your wit about my marrying, for I am resolved to marry Maria voluntarily and from pure inclination. All my hopes, all my happiness, rest on the thought of obtaining Maria's forgiveness, and then away with pride! On the bosom of my love there still dwells a heaven as before. All the fame I acquire, all the greatness to which I may be elevated, will yield me a double gratification, a twofold exaltation, for Maria will share them with me. Farewell! I must away! I must now have some talk with Guilbert.

Car. Stay only till after dinner.

Clav. Not one moment. (*Exit.*)

Car. (*Looking after Clavigo for some time in silence.*) Every man plays the fool once in his lifetime. (*Exit.*)

END OF ACT II.

(*To be continued.*)

GREECE AND ROME,

A BRIEF COMPARISON OF THE INFLUENCE OF GREECE AND ROME ON CIVILIZATION.

It will at first sight seem to most persons a paradoxical assertion, that civilization is more indebted to the Romans than to the Greeks; but on considering the matter more minutely, we shall find that a part at least of the apparent paradox arises from a confusion of ideas which exists in our own minds with respect to the causes and tokens of the progress of civilization. We are dazzled by the splendid genius of the poets, orators, and philosophers of Athens, and allow our admiration for them to lead us into the assumption that the influence of Greece and Rome on the progressive improvement of the human race must have been proportionate to the merits of their literature. We forget that literature is the evidence, and not the cause of civilization; that the weight of that evidence does not depend so

much on the intrinsic merit of the works, as on the external refinement of the composition: the barbarians must have made considerable progress in improvement before they could either enjoy the Grecian writings or receive benefit from them; and we are not to conclude that Greece was more civilized than Rome, because she was more prolific in authors of original genius. We must of course concede to Greece the priority in point of time in all those arts and refinements which constitute civilization; we must concede to her the first considerable improvements in social policy, and we must allow her the merit of having created literature from the rude chaos of the cumbrous and mystic learning of Egypt and Phœnicia; but it is important to observe that until the universal dominion of Rome diffused these advantages over the world, they were neither seen nor felt out of the immediate pale of Greece and her colonies, with the single exception of the palaces of the Macedonian dynasties. But the influence of arts and refinement in promoting civilization, must always be secondary to that of laws and government; and though we cannot be insensible of the benefits conferred by Rome on mankind by the diffusion of the former, it is on the latter that her advocate must rest her claim of superiority over Greece. The first point then in the consideration will be a comparison of the circumstances under which Rome and Greece came in contact with the barbarous nations. The Romans, in the progress of their victories, reduced the inhabitants of the conquered countries to the condition of their subjects, and from motives of gratitude or conciliation gradually admitted many of them, in different degrees, to the privileges of Roman citizenship; the provinces were administered by Roman magistrates, were to a certain extent under the influence of Roman laws, and their tranquillity was protected and their allegiance secured by the presence of Roman troops. As soon as the Romans began to add the arts of commerce to those of war, many of them were induced by interest or convenience to settle in the conquered provinces, and of course with the number of resident citizens the extent of the application of Roman law was increased. It cannot be denied that the administration of the pro-consuls was always arbitrary and often oppressive, and that the operation of two co-ordinate systems of law must have been productive of serious inconvenience; but the occasional rapacity of a few magistrates was amply compensated by the introduction of quiet and subordination, and the laws of the provinces were gradually assimilated to the Roman jurisprudence. If, on the other hand, we turn our attention to the intercourse of the Greeks with the barbarians, we shall find that, with the exception of the Macedonian conquest, they rarely stood to them in any other relation than that of masters to domestic slaves. It is true that Grecian colonies were settled in Italy and Sicily, on the shores of the Euxine, and the coast of Africa, but they still remained emphatically Grecian cities; their intercourse with the neighbouring nations was confined to commerce, and they never attempted to govern them as their subjects.

If again we look to the Macedonian provinces of Egypt and Asia, we shall find that any civilization that they imparted was confined to

the immediate vicinity of their own courts. The libraries of Alexandria and Pergamus might be enriched with the treasures of Grecian learning; their schools and porticos might echo the instructions of Grecian professors; but there the effect stopped, the Ptolemies and Seleucidæ were mere Eastern despots, the affairs of individuals were still regulated by eastern customs and eastern jurisprudence, and the maxims of eastern policy still prevailed in the councils of the state.

Thus far, then, Rome may surely challenge, if not a superior, at least an equal share in the improvement of the human race; but the principal basis on which her claims must rest is yet to be considered. After a long decay, during which civilization gradually degenerated into frivolous luxury, the empire was dismembered by the Teutonic and Tartar nations; the rudeness of the savage conquerors obliterated every trace of refinement, and mankind relapsed into a state of almost primitive barbarism. The effects of Oriental despotism, and the narrow spirit of Mahometanism checked the progress of improvement in the east, which in the west was almost as effectually retarded by the feudal system and the Papal supremacy. Now it was, when, to all appearance, Rome could no longer either promote or obstruct civilization, that her influence was most effectually and beneficially felt; it will hardly be denied that the effects of the feudal system were checked and modified by the introduction of the Roman jurisprudence. The barbarians who established themselves in the dismembered provinces of the empire, seem to have adopted one or other of two systems; either they retained their own customs, at the same time permitting the former inhabitants to regulate their affairs by the Roman code, or they endeavoured to digest from both such a body of laws as might be best suited to the wants and prejudices of the combined nations. In either case, the rude practice of the Teutons would be refined by the more subtle and more politic legislation of the Romans—in the latter by the immediate admixture, in the former by the slower, though not less certain process of gradual amalgamation. That the influence of the civil law, and the progress of improvement among the European nations must have been considerable, may be inferred from the fact, that though Italy was torn by domestic wars, and harassed by foreign invaders, yet it was there, where that law was most studied and respected, that the first dawn of returning civilization appeared. But it may be replied that the Romans themselves originally borrowed their legal institutions from Greece, and, as this argument, if grounded in truth, is decisive on the question, it will not be foreign to the purpose to examine its foundation. The twelve tables of the Decemvirs must be considered as the root and origin of the Roman law; and it must be admitted that the whole of the tenth table, together with several detached laws, were borrowed from the code of Solon; and that the legislators were assisted by the advice of the Ephesian Hermodorus. Down to the time of Hadrian these continued to be the text, though overwhelmed by the multitude of popular decrees and imperial rescripts; but the strict simplicity of the ancient code was insufficient or inconvenient in the more complicated transactions which arose out of the growing prosperity of the state, and the system of the Roman law must, in fact,

be considered to have arisen out of the decisions of judges, and the interpretations of civilians. From the reign of Hadrian to that of Justinian, numerous alterations and additions were made by successive emperors, and several codes were published by private lawyers, or by the imperial authority. The edifice of Roman jurisprudence was completed by Dorotheus, Theophilus, and Tribonian, under the auspices of Justinian; and, ever since that time the three works which they published, under the title of the Code, the Digest, and the Institutes, together with some subsequent edicts, collected under the title of the Novels, have remained the only authentic exposition of the civil law. What share then can Greece claim in this glorious monument of Roman wisdom? Long before the promulgation of the code of Justinian the rigid maxims of the twelve tables were in disuse, and the multiplicity of legal fictions, invented by the ingenuity of successive prætors for their evasion, is the only symptom of their being at all regarded; and even of these twelve tables, the only connected portion which we can prove to have been borrowed from Greece, relates to a subject of no greater importance than the regulation of funeral ceremonies.

There still remains to be taken into the account the facility which the universal dominion of Rome must have given to the progress of Christianity; after the cessation of the miraculous gift of tongues, the existence of an universal dialect would be a powerful auxiliary to the propagation of the Gospel. Through the whole extent of the Roman empire the Latin or Greek language was understood and spoken, and thus the ambition of Rome became subservient to the cause of religion. In this merit at least, Greece can claim no share; the captious infidelity of the Platonic school, and the subtilizing spirit of Greek theology have more obstructed the reception of Christianity than all the open persecution of the Pagan emperors. If then, it appears, from a careful examination, that the two surest bases of civilization, pure religion and judicious laws, owe more to Rome than to Greece, it will be sufficiently obvious to which the preference must belong: it cannot be denied that Greece is the parent of arts and literature, of sculpture and architecture, of poetry and philosophy; but, however conducive these may be to exterior refinements, however conducive that refinement may be to the advancement of civilization, they must still yield the superiority to the more solid and permanent benefits conferred by Rome.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

HE WHO RUNS MAY READ.—Strange things, indeed, may he peruse who runs or walks through the streets of London. We were trotting along Fleet-street a few mornings ago, when the following notification in a shop window caused us to slacken our pace:—"Artificial eyes of superior vivacity and clearness of expression."

We closed one of our natural eyes, in order that we might re-read with more clearness this recommendation of the fictitious or factitious orb.

"Superior"—superior to what?—to the common natural, or to other ingeniously manufactured eyes? To the former, doubtless. Upon the retina of these artificial eyes no objects are inverted; no—it is "glass, this side upwards." Imagine the "superior vivacity" of an ogle, or the clearness of an expressive glance! They are at once eyes and spectacles—the material of the one and all the merit of the other.

We found ourselves on the afternoon of the same day in Oxford-street. Here our old-fashioned eyes enabled us to read in a tea dealer's window this commendably candid advertisement:—"A bad article is dear at any price—*Try our six shilling green.*"

There was a raciness in this which we could by no means resist; a kind of Pekoe flavour. Too ingenuous man!—or was it intended as a philanthropic warning? And yet you urge us to "*try your six shilling green.*" How came so strange a notion to enter into your *canister*?

A SHORT-SIGHTED POLITICIAN.—We find the following mournful announcement in the last number of the "Quarterly Review."—"We confess, with equal sincerity and sorrow, that we do not see our way through the difficulties that press—almost in our opinion equally—upon the governments of France and England. All is doubt, disorder, and dismay. We are in a moral earthquake, and what portions of the social edifice may survive the shock, or what shelter the unhappy survivors may find among the ruins, no mortal eye can foresee."

Under these circumstances, what is to be done? If the reviewer cannot see his way through the difficulties that beset us, and if, as he alleges, no mortal eye can foresee the consequences of this moral earthquake, we would advise him to possess himself of two artificial eyes, which will perhaps enable him to catch a glimpse of the spirit of the age, with "superior vivacity and clearness of expression."

During the present total eclipse of the Quarterly, however, we think the reviewer should, in justice to his subscribers, cry out, in the words of the estimable tea-dealer, "A bad article is dear at any price—*Try our six shilling green.*"

BIRDS OF A FEATHER.—The following exclusive information is from the York Courant:—

“*Departure Extraordinary.*—Mr. Staveley, of Clifton, having been at Scarborough for the past few days, the attractions of that delightful resort, it appears, were not complete in their charms, so long as he had not his favourite companion to enjoy them with him. Accordingly his *goose*, whose singular attachment we have before recorded, was forwarded on Tuesday morning last by the royal mail, and ere this will doubtless have had its share of curious admirers, as it ambles by the side of its aged friend on Scarborough sands.”

We confess that we cannot see any thing extraordinary in this instance of affection between two such evidently congenial minds as the respected Mr. Staveley and his feathered friend. Is there any thing so wonderful in two old geese waddling side by side on Scarborough sands, that they should become the gossip of a watering place? The confidential cackle of such an interesting pair ought to be respected. By the way, as the 29th of September is approaching, we would advise Mr. Staveley on no account to let his friend go out alone, and to take particular care of himself. Michaelmas day is a day fatal to his family; and it is well known that Scarborough people are great sticklers for the ancient custom.

SAINTLY SINNERS.—How many have complained of the vexation and frivolous manner in which certain members of the House of Commons are wont to occupy the “collective wisdom” of the country? What important measures have been postponed or hurried through the House, that a Mr. Buckingham may have leisure to whine over the votaries of Hodges’ gin and Barclay’s brown stout, and prove himself a Draco in the matter of drunkenness? How many unhappy creatures are writhing beneath the lash of the debtor’s law, that sanctified hypocrites may shine forth in all the odour of sanctity, and continue their unrighteous crusades against the humble sabbath enjoyments of the poor? Out on such miserable, wretched quacks,—panders to the intolerance of small sects—self-elected apostles, who would propagate their creed by constables’ staves—force their opinions upon the world by the power of law, and encourage lying and deceit by act of parliament! Why cannot these people be satisfied to be allowed to mew and mouth in their own domestic conventicles, without thrusting their unwholesome doctrines upon society? Why cannot they be content to wear the vizard to their own hoodwinked, besotted disciples, without continually challenging the gaze of a sharp-sighted world? If these men would but divide among them one grain of honesty and benevolence, they would at once abandon their proceedings as full of wickedness and all uncharitableness.

EQUITY EQUESTRIANS.—The following paragraph has been going the round of all the London newspapers:—

“It is a singular fact that of four *successive* Lord Chancellors—Thurlow, Loughborough, Eldon, and Brougham—not one was ever seen on horseback. The same may be said of the two Vice-Chancellors, Sir Anthony Hart and Sir Lancelot Shadwell. Sir John

Leach, the Master of the Rolls, is the only equity equestrian of any note."

It is a singular fact that Lords Erskine and Lyndhurst broke the chain of succession which has been so ingeniously linked together by the paragraph maker. So much for the singularity! Lord Brougham, of the four chancellors cited, is known, when a young man, to have been accustomed to equestrian exercise. So much for the fact!

It is a singular fact, by-the-by, that the "singular facts" recorded in newspapers are almost invariably singular fictions. "Truth is strange—stranger than fiction," said the poet; but our paragraph-makers tell us strange things, without resorting to truth. There is a vast mine open for them—will no one attempt to discover a vein?

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.—Mr. Cobbett, in a recent number of his Register, concentrates a great deal of wisdom in a line or two of excellent prose, when he says—"They may talk of the spirit of the age as long as they like; but the spirit of this age in England is, what is meant in all other ages—an appetite for plenty of bread and meat, and a thirst for plenty of good beer."

We give our unqualified assent to the truth of this proposition. Beef is beneficial in a moral and intellectual point of view; nor is pudding unproductive of ideas that may march in accordance with the spirit of the times. Good beer also is irreproachable in itself, and engendereth much active thought. It is *meet* that men should feel a constant craving after sirloin; nor is he a pudding-headed fellow whose head is diligently employed in compassing the required amount of pudding. The only infallible and influential organs of the public mind are the digestive organs.

EXTRAORDINARY AMENITY.—We find in a country newspaper this quaint epistle, which for delicacy of refined sentiment is hardly to be equalled in the whole range of English letter writers:—

"*Reciprocity*.—The following is a literal copy of a billet sent by the clerk of a parish in Warwickshire to a neighbouring friend of the same calling:—

Dere John

Wull you bury my wife and ill bury yourn ony uther day
when you want me i shall be very happy any time

I ham

yours to be obliget

William Turner."

Here we see the heroic struggle between duty and inclination. He feels that he must not do that which his own heart prompts him to perform, and he affectingly demands of his friend, "Will *you* bury my wife," &c. But he should not have added, "I'll bury yourn," &c.; for how could he suppose that another man could be found to resist the temptation? Besides, it was calculated to impress upon the other's mind an idea of selfishness; as though he would fain have him in the

THINGS THEATRICAL.

MR. ARNOLD has succeeded triumphantly in his efforts to introduce the genius of English composers to the English public, and we are truly happy to second all the praise and wish him all the profit to which he is so eminently entitled. English composers have been hitherto strangers in their own land. With the exception of Bishop, no one pretending to any rank in the profession has had the slightest chance of success; every attempt has been strangled at the larger theatres, and then the old lying cry has been raised that we have no talent in England. The two operas which Mr. Arnold has introduced must have convinced the public that the fault does not rest with English composers, but with the quacks of managers, who seem to think any talent preferable to native talent. Wild beasts from all quarters of the world and motley mountebanks have kept possession of the national stage to the exclusion of such men as Mr. John Barnett and Mr. Loder, who might have remained in obscurity had they not fortunately found this field for their fame. It only shows the positive necessity—if our theatres are to be made profitable to the proprietors and advantageous to the public—that they should be under the management of gentlemen and men of taste—men who can understand and appreciate genius, both dramatic and musical—who do not belong to that class whose highest ambition it is to copy the very lowest and most licentious portion of the French stage, without possessing the mind to grasp its higher and more intellectual qualities. Until the proprietors of the national theatres think fit to consider some other qualification necessary for a manager and lessee than security for a sum of money, we despair of ever seeing the drama rescued from its present degraded state. There can be no doubt but that the English Opera House will now take the lead; it has every requisite to ensure success—an excellent situation, and a most beautiful interior—a gentleman at the head of the management of acknowledged taste and ability, and the choicest talent of the country to aid his exertions. If this does not succeed, why, we had better turn our theatres into hospitals, and join Sir Andrew Agnew and Mr. Poulter.

The opera we have to notice is called "The Mountain Sylph," written by Mr. Thackeray, and the music composed by Mr. John Barnett. The piece is taken from the celebrated ballet which Taglioni has rendered so popular, with an addition, by which the Sylph is restored to the world by her lover, who, like another Orpheus, ventures into some demoniacal territories, substituting the witchery of a magic rose for the enchanting lyre of the celebrated artist of old. This we humbly conceive to be the weakest part of the drama. What could enter the author's head to call those demons by whom the Sylph is held captive SALAMANDERS? We understand

what fairies are, or gnomes and others,—or good honest, genuine *diablerie* of the old sort; but we have no legendary lore of this nondescript race—no nursery associations to reconcile us to the monstrosity; we can only identify them with Monsieur Chabert, the fire-eater, and an interesting female who exhibited some such accomplishments as swallowing boiling lead and eating brimstone in the classic regions of Bartholomew fair. This portion of the drama was decidedly bad tact in the dramatist; but the music made ample amends, and brought it through triumphantly. The chorus of demons is as bold and original a piece of composition as we have ever heard, and the trio by which it is succeeded is in the very highest style of art. The music throughout is rich and varied; the chorusses particularly bold and effective, uniting melody with the most scientific arrangement. If true original genius, cultivated by the most careful study, is requisite towards excellence as a composer, we know of no English professor who can come within many degrees of Mr. Barnett.

The Haymarket offers nothing worthy of remark besides the admirable performances of Mr. Vandenhoff, who continues his line of characters with unabated interest; we shall reserve our critical remarks upon various points of his acting until he removes to Drury-lane, when he will be better supported. Mr. Buckstone has brought out a very agreeable comedy, which has added much to his reputation as a dramatist. We expected more in the commencement of the season from the manager, Mr. Morris, than we see likely to be realized. He brought out a drama by Mr. Douglas Jerrold, called “Beau Nash, the King of Bath,” which was unquestionably a work of very high character, and behold—it was suddenly withdrawn. Mr. Jerrold has earned—and most deservedly—a high reputation for dramas wherein characters are introduced of English history and court gossip. Now “Beau Nash” is certainly not inferior to any that he has written, and yet it is suddenly withdrawn, and all manner of wretched substitutes placed in its stead. Without pretending to know the secrets of a manager’s closet, we would wager a trifle that some evasion of *£. s. d.* is at the bottom of this—some shuffling in the interpretation of an agreement. If Mr. Morris is sad or sulky at the success of rival establishments, it is bad policy to visit his ill humour on those that can best serve him. However good-naturedly people may put up with the tetchy and querulous habits of old gentlemen, Mr. Morris’ experience ought to teach him that illiberality and meanness are not favourable features in the character of a manager.

sake, that it had never been published. We do not think we shall be far wrong when we surmise that Dr. Young is a great favourite with our poet, and that from that much over-praised poem, the "Night Thoughts," the author has acquired a morbid and unsatisfactory tone, displeasing, nay, repulsive, to the general reader, and fatal to the cultivation of a higher order of poetry.

Let us, however, give a specimen of our young poet, which may assuredly justify a high opinion of his powers; and which, at the same time, induces us to exhort him to a stricter discipline of his mind.

" I stand
Upon a gentle eminence. The herd,
The ancient kine, the patriarchal flocks,
Here walk the verdant pasture, seen distinct
In the slant ray of the declining noon;
Upon the sky is the old pageant still
Of endless clouds, and still the zephyrs gay,
Viewless, push on their cumbrous levity;
Between the hills, as in a picture laid,
Appears the blue and navigable sea,
Traversed by ship, that bears with stately sail,
Silent, its unseen mariners along;
Whilst near at hand a globe of insects plays
In the shower'd beam, a stationary globe,
Though each pursues therein, with restless speed,
And giddy will, its intricate, quick flight.
As here I ponder on a world unchanged,
Fixed in its ceaseless mutability,
And on the fateful links, that each to each
Bind all things, high and low, in heav'n and earth,
In one revolving series, I myself
Feel drawn within the circle,—am a part
Of nature too,—one in the mazy dance
Of forms that vanish but to re-appear.
' Years hence,—'tis thus my meditation runs,—
' A youth again shall stand upon this hill,—
Another self,—and he shall see these fields
Trod by their leisure herd, shall watch this globe
Of insects still at play, note the same clouds
Borne the same path, and muse, as now I do,
On death of all, eternity of all !' "

This is beautiful poetry; and we are sorry that the present aspect of our poetical horizon does not encourage us to recommend, or the author himself to hazard, a more important venture.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF TAXATION, NO. V. THE SCHOLARS OF ARNE-SIDE. A TALE. BY HARRIET MARTINEAU. LONDON, 1834.

Miss Martineau was never a great favourite of ours. Accordingly, when she says in her preface to the present number, "I am now about to compensate for my much speaking by a long silence;" and when we see in the newspapers that she is gone to America, we feel tempted to cry aloud, "We are glad of it, and are not sorry that you are gone."

We remember Mathews telling a story of a dog which a certain sergeant rebuked by a blow of his halberd. "Why didn't you hit the poor thing with the other end?" asked a bystander, and a friend of humanity.—"Because he didn't run at me with his tail," responded the military assailant.

Miss Martineau, however, does run at us with her *tale*, and we are bound, therefore, to be more lenient towards her than we should be disposed to be were she to assail us with her head.

We have, upon a former occasion, adverted to the exquisite absurdity of illustrating political economy or taxation through the medium of a tale, which must either involve some extreme case, inevitable even under the best possible form of government, or refer to a state of society altogether different from that in which we find ourselves.

It may be a startling thing to assert, when we remember the pretensions they are so much in the nauseous practice of making; but it is, nevertheless, true, that your political economists are altogether without, and entirely discard, moral considerations. We mean nothing individually or personally offensive to that body (for soul it would seem to have none;) but what we mean, is this:—that they would be for ever changing the *without*, and leave to chance, or the impulses of a man's own mind, the *within*. At the best, they would put an additional window into a man's prison; but would they draw him thence?—No.

The present number of Miss Martineau's Illustrations is wretched rubbish—childish, tedious, and absurd as a tale; it does not even possess the merit of illustrating the injustice or inexpediency of the taxes on knowledge as they are, on the principle of *lucus à non lucendo*, called.

If, indeed, the removal of these taxes be to subject us to such stuff as this, we heartily pray that the Chancellor of the Exchequer may still find it inconvenient to disturb them.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S PROSE WORKS. VOL. 4. BIOGRAPHIES.
VOL. 2. EDINBURGH AND LONDON, 1834.

THIS volume contains biographies of Mackenzie, Charlotte Smith, Sir Ralph Sadler, John Dryden, Miss Seward, De Foe, George III., Lord Byron, and the Duke of York. Rather a heterogeneous collection, and for the most part only interesting—*quasi* the writing—from the fact of Sir Walter Scott being the author.

We do not think that were the great author living, he would care to see some of these biographies included in a collection of his prose works; but to the world at large every word he wrote has become a matter of interest and importance; and to say the truth, these volumes are beautifully and cheaply got up, and may be said to be indispensable to the collector and admirer of the genius and moral excellence of the lamented author. These biographies, at least, display the admirable qualities and excellent sense of Scott, if they do not partake of those higher qualities which the world has been so fortunate as to detect in his more popular writings.

A BRIEF STATEMENT, SHOWING THE EQUITABLE AND MORAL CLAIMS OF THE MARITIME OFFICERS OF THE EAST INDIA COMPANY TO COMPENSATION. BY CHARLES P. GRIBBLE, CHIEF OFFICER IN THE MARITIME SERVICE OF THE HON. EAST INDIA COMPANY. LONDON, 1834.

It would appear from this pamphlet that the East India Company has sought to pass over the claims of the meritorious officers in its service to a compensation, which to all the other branches of that princely establishment is to be awarded on so liberal a scale.

We were not before aware that this was the case. We had thought that the maritime officers were dissatisfied with the scale of compensation, not that they had just reason to complain of its being altogether withheld.

It hardly required the pamphlet of Mr. Gribble to prove the justice of the claims put forth by the respectable body of men whose cause he has briefly, but strongly, advocated; and we trust that the exertions on the part of the proprietors, to which he alludes, will be successful in a cause, which appears not only just in itself, but indispensable to the maintenance of the character of the Company.

SKETCHES OF THE STATE OF THE USEFUL ARTS, &c.; OR, THE PRACTICAL TOURIST. 2 VOLS. BY ZACHARIAH ALLEN. BOSTON, 1833.

THESE admirable volumes, written by an American, and published in that country, comprise a tour in Great Britain, France, and Holland, made by the author with a view to examine the state of the useful arts in Europe. The result is a vast mass information of the utmost value and importance to America, and exceedingly interesting and instructive to ourselves.

Mr. Allen is not of those, who, laudably anxious to procure, in the first instance, and afterwards to exhibit, facts, conceive it necessary when they are obtained that they should be stripped of all extraneous verdure, in order to keep them *dry*; on the contrary, he has contrived by a pleasing admixture of the *utile* and the *dulce* to blend the two so intimately, and, at the same time with so much felicity, as to leave nothing to be desired on either score.

Our author has made himself personally acquainted with almost every part of our trade and manufactures of the slightest importance; and has set down what he saw during his practical tour with the most commendable exactness; and in a fair, honourable, and candid spirit which cannot be sufficiently praised.

We look upon the *tone* of these volumes as of happy augury, and as a gratifying evidence that the miserable prejudices, on both sides of the Atlantic, are at length confined to those from whom the world has no right to expect anything better, namely, the knaves and fools.

We earnestly recommend to the perusal of our readers the work before us. There is no book with which we are acquainted that conveys so much information respecting English manufactures, and the extent of English industry and capital, as these modestly entitled sketches, drawn by an American for the enlightenment of his own

country upon points in which both countries are equally interested, and the true knowledge of which must be of equal benefit to both.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE COLONIES OF NEW SOUTH WALES AND VAN DIEMEN'S LAND. BY JOHN HENDERSON. CALCUTTA, 1832.

MR. HENDERSON proceeded to Van Diemen's Land from Bengal in 1829, for the benefit of his health; and during nearly a year's stay made several excursions into the interior of the country. Although it appears our author's first impressions were favourable to the belief that the colony had made a satisfactory progress, he was afterwards constrained to alter his opinion, and was led to enquire into the causes of general distress, which now, more particularly, affects the colony of New South Wales.

The result of his inquiries and of his own experience is comprised in this closely printed volume, which contains many facts—things which, although stubborn, are at all times more or less important, and many speculations or panaceas which may be well worth the time and attention of the government at home.

Indeed, the policy of the government towards the convict is represented to be, and we believe truly; at the same time expensive, inefficacious as regards the settlement, and injurious to the individual. Mr. Henderson also proposes certain plans, whereby the introduction of a better class of settlers may be accomplished, with a view to the speedy prosperity of the whole settlement; and if we sometimes fancy that we perceive a tendency to prove too much against the government at home, and a somewhat sanguine estimation of the capabilities of the two colonies, we must not forget to state that the author has availed himself of better opportunities of arriving at the truth, as respects both, than we can boast, or than we wish to trouble the government in finding for us.

Let us give Mr. Henderson's picture of a new settler, as a specimen of his style, and as a "preventive check" to the ardour of those whom Malthusian doctrines, coming in aid of necessity, are daily thrusting from our own shores.

"We shall choose a morning in spring, the sweetest in the year; our place the banks of a dark rolling stream, where our settler and his establishment have bivouacked, for the advantage of the water. A slight sheet for a tent protects them from the midnight dew, and under its scanty canopy are laid the settler, his wife, and three children. Notwithstanding the fatigues of the preceding stage they have slept but little, and are now all awake with the first dawn of day. The sky is without a cloud; the air bracing and delightful. The notes of the early thrush have given place to those of the Derwent magpie, who, perched on a lofty gum-tree, is chaunting in rich full notes his natural melody. The restless and noisy minas are disputing amidst the bright yellow blossoms of a neighbouring wattle, while many a smaller warbler is breathing forth, in cheering tones, his early matins.

"Close by the embers of a waning fire, are seen the figures of four convicts, the assigned servants, who are sleeping soundly and undisturbed. They are familiarised to such scenes,—old steady hands, who have passed through many a settler; have known a road-gang or two, and mayhap a penal settlement. No care occupies their bosoms; to them the present

scene has no charms, and the future presents to their imaginations nothing either pleasing or alarming. These sages have been consigned to the settler, in preference to less experienced hands, who might probably have been useless. Near them stands a waggon, containing a portion of the furniture and provisions of the settler; his sea-stores, implements of husbandry, with useless and useful articles indiscriminately combined. The implements have been purchased at the highest price, and contain likewise many things which the settler could have done without; besides which, as he has to build a house, a number of instruments which are required for that purpose, have afterwards to be thrown aside.

"Feeding in the vicinity are the remains of a flock of sheep; in the purchase of which the settler has been jockeyed, both as to the price and quality. His particular friend has, as a great favour, sold him some of his first woolled ones, and only supplied him with the second sort, most of whom are scabby old ewes, for whose fleece the owner protested he had received three shillings per pound, by the latest return of sales. One-third of these have gone astray with another flock, on the road, and it has been deemed at length necessary to proceed without them.

"The children are now dressed, healthy, blooming and happy; eagerly pursuing, in company with the kangaroo bitch, some painted butterfly; true emblem of their future pursuits.

"The mother is preparing the breakfast. On the ground are spread the remnants of cups and saucers, eked out by tin jugs. A large damper of unleavened bread, made of unsifted flour, has been baked on the previous evening. The tea is *boiling* in the kettle, and a sufficient quantity of mutton chops are grilling on the fire, too much, in the idea of the uninitiated, for a party of twice their numbers; but proving in the clearest terms, that the cares of the emigrants have had no effect in diminishing their appetites. One convict is assisting to get ready the breakfast, another has gone to look after the bullocks, a third is milking the cows, and a fourth is tending the sheep. So far all is well; a fearful havoc has been made in the mutton chops, with corresponding execution on the damper, ere the man returns to acquaint them that a pair of the working bullocks are missing. In these the settler has been equally fortunate, as with his sheep. Having paid for them a proper price, he has found, on his departure, that two of them are newly broken-in steers, which have taken the earliest opportunity of regaining their former liberty, and of rejoining their companions, the free rangers of the forest.

"A settler on the road has, however, taken pity on the destitute situation of the new comer, and has generously supplied him with another pair, for only double their proper value. These last, however, probably not understanding this arrangement, have, as in duty bound, returned to their former homes, after their first day's journey.

"While, however, the man is gone in pursuit of the deserters, the principal hand of the set of convicts approaches the settler, twisting his cap in his hand, symptomatic of something wrong. He comes to inquire whether master has last night taken out any *backa* or sugar, because the cases seem, *som't curious* and disordered. On examination, it is found that a portion of those articles have indeed been purloined, evidently by a combination of the four, and that, most probably, the man despatched for the bullocks, has gone likewise to convert the proceeds of this into liquor. The settler is seen blustering, threatening, and abusing, while the convicts are acting with stoical indifference, and inwardly enjoying the scene. The settler's anger, however, gives place to prudence, because he well knows he possesses no power to punish them himself, and should he complain to a magistrate, he would run the chance of losing his whole property, since, were they confined on suspicion, he would have no one to attend to his flock, his herd, his team; he would, in short, be left destitute."

A LETTER ADDRESSED TO THE LORD BISHOP OF EXETER. BY A LAYMAN. DEVONPORT, 1834.

THIS pamphlet attempts to shew that "the construction, machinery, service, and sermons of the Church of England; together with the doctrines of fore-knowledge, election, and predestination, are considered as among the principal causes of the present vitiated and decayed state of the body politic."

The author is evidently a well-meaning man, but his style is so loose, laboured, incorrect, and obscure, that we are quite certain the prelate to whom he has addressed his lucubrations will be very little edified, should he take the trouble to read them.

Our Layman inquires by what means the inhabitants of England have progressed to and attained, "their present decayed and demoralized condition;" and is disposed to conclude, that climate and food have influenced in no small degree the bringing about of this lamentable consummation.

"To the genial climate, therefore," he says, "*together with the large proportion of animal food, and nourishing and cordial liquids, which form the daily supply of all classes in this country* we may also trace a very material influence in producing that unbounded influence of the passions which now characterize the population of England, and which, with very long practice, have been rendered quite absolute."

The Bishop of Exeter may be, probably, enabled to decide whether such causes are likely to produce such effects, by a reference to his own moral conformation; but certain we are, that were we to grant the "decayed and demoralized condition" of the people, we should hardly think of attributing it to their "large proportion of animal food, and nourishing and cordial liquids."

If our author will undertake to supply the exciting causes, we guarantee to restrain and correct that unbounded influence of the passions generated by them; and we think we shall have chosen the easier task of the two.

THE PRACTICE BOOK. BY MISS E. TALLANT. SECOND EDITION. LONDON, 1834.

THESE exercises for the use of children have reached a second edition, which may be said to be a *primâ facie* evidence of their appreciation by those for whose use they are intended.

To us, not much pondering upon these matters (we must frankly confess it, although there is a lady in the case) the plan adopted by Miss Tallant does not impress upon us the conviction of its being a good one.

Let us give an example from the second page of these exercises:—

"Though the British ensign felt he was mortally wounded, yet he was so anxious to preserve his ensign, that he wrapped it round his body.—
Q. What constitutes the British Empire? What is meant by mortally? What by the ~~two~~ words ensign? What are the gradations of military rank?"

We could suggest to the young lady who has devised this method of pointing the way to information, that a child who might be re-

quired to be asked what is the meaning of the word mortally? is not likely to answer satisfactorily the other questions; and that in order that the pupil may do so, he or she would be compelled to apply to books, which, under the incipient state of pupilage indicated by the one question, would be perfectly useless, and unproductive of real improvement.

RULES FOR THE PRONUNCIATION OF THE FRENCH LANGUAGE.
A NEW EDITION, ENLARGED. LONDON, 1834.

COMPENDIOUS, and, at the same time, complete. These few pages were much wanted, and will be found of infinite service to the French scholar.

LE CROS' GUIDE TO JERSEY. LONGMAN & Co.

THIS is a most valuable little work to all who visit the "Channel Islands," the growing importance of which is becoming every day more acknowledged. No one could be better qualified than the author for the task he has undertaken, which he has executed with singular clearness and fidelity.

THE COURT OF SIGISMUND AUGUSTUS. 3 VOLS. Post 8vo. LONDON, LONGMAN AND Co.

WE have been favoured with an early copy of this work, and are happy to have it in our power to speak of it in terms of the highest praise. It is translated from Alexander Bronikowsti by one of those high-spirited but unfortunate Poles who prefer exile to accepting their estates from the northern autocrat, and submitting to his execrable domination. The descriptions of Poland in the 10th century are vivid and graphic; there is sufficient matter in these three volumes to make twenty of our modern fashionable novels; the translation is executed in a manner highly creditable to the talents and perseverance of the translator, and we cordially wish him the success that his virtues and misfortunes entitle him to.

POEMS. BY MRS. G. G. RICHARDSON. LONDON, WILLIAM CROFTS, CHANCERY-LANE.

MRS. G. G. RICHARDSON is already well known in the literary world. The appearance in 1829 of a volume of poems from her pen, at once established her claim to rank among our bright galaxy of female poets. Many of her pieces were admitted to be worthy of Mrs. Hemans herself; and though there were inequalities in the volume, yet in no instance did they degenerate into mediocrity. The present volume is a fit successor to the last, and is every way worthy of the talented lady from whose pen it emanates. There are many charming pieces in it—charming both in sentiment and expression. Mrs. Richardson is evidently a lady of a highly cultivated mind, and great susceptibility of feeling.

NEW MUSIC.

THREE WALTZES, ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO-FORTE.

THE CANDIDATES ; A SET OF QUADRILLES.

THE FOREST FLOWER ; A BALLAD. SUNG BY MRS. WOOD. COMPOSED BY C. B. ALDRIDGE.

THESE compositions, which are the productions of a lady, are extremely pleasing, and display very great taste. We remember to have heard the ballad sung by Fanny Healey, at one of Lanza's concerts. The favourable opinion we then formed of it is in no degree lessened by hearing it again. The waltzes are very elegant, and the quadrilles lively and original. We hope to see other productions from the same hand.

THE FLUTONICON. Nos. 1 to 9 (FROM JANUARY TO AUGUST, 1834.)
SHERWOOD AND CO. PATERNOSTER ROW.

WE take blame to ourselves for not mentioning this popular flute-work to our readers before. In its outward appearance it is unpretending and unassuming, but within it contains such a fund of refreshment for the recreation of the little world of flute-players, that no one of these we are confident who knows any thing of his instrument, but will immediately become a subscriber. Its cheapness can only be supported by a large circulation. Who that is a flutist, and has "loose eightpences," but will procure all the popular music which he has heard since January last. The Flutonicon contains the airs in "Gustavus;" those in "La Dame Blanche;" ditto in "Don Juan;" ditto in "Le Pres aux Clercs;" ditto in "Anna Bolena," and about forty other flute solos. It is fairly got up in print, paper, &c. and well, because correctly and carefully, edited.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The Oriental Annual, for 1835, is announced for publication on the 1st of October.

The Geographical Annual, for 1835, will comprise, in addition to its hundred beautifully coloured engravings of all the states, kingdoms, and empires throughout the world—a Compendious Universal Gazetteer. This popular Annual will be issued about the middle of October.

The Biblical Annual, for 1835. This valuable companion to the Holy Scriptures, will be published about the same time, and uniform with the Geographical Annual.

The Life of Prince Talleyrand, accompanied with a Portrait, will be published in a few days.

Warleigh, or the Fatal Oak ; a Legend of Devon. In 3 Vols. By Mrs. Anna Eliza Bray.

The Third part of a Dictionary of Practical Medicine, with numerous Formulæ of Medicines, by James Copland, M.D. F.R.S.

The Dublin Practice of Midwifery. By Henry Maunsell, M. D. 1 Vol. 12mo.

Human Physiology. By John Elliotson, M.D. Cantab. F.R.S. President of the Medical and Chirurgical, and of the Phrenological, Societies of London ; Professor of the Practice of Medicine and Clinical Medicine, and Dean of the Faculty, in the University of London ; Physician to the London University Hospital, Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, &c. With which is incorporated much of the Institutiones Physiologiæ of J. F. Blumenbach, M.D. F.R.S. Professor of Medicine in the University of Göttingen. Fifth Edition ; with a large number of Anatomical Woodcuts for illustration to the general reader.

* * * The last edition has been taken to pieces, and the contents arranged in a new and natural order ; and a large quantity of fresh matter has been added, which has not yet found its way into any physiological work.

The Gun ; or a Treatise on Small Fire-Arms, from the Damascus down to the Musket, or Common Iron Barrel ; with the various Processes, Suggestions for Improvements, Experiments, &c. &c. By William Greener.

A novel is just ready for publication, edited by Mr. Lister, the author of Granby ; it is to be called "Anne Grey."

"Jacob Faithful," will shortly appear, collected into three volumes.

A Second Edition of the Two Old Men's Tales is just ready.

The author of the O'Hara Tales has just ready a new series, entitled "The Mayor of Wind-gate."

Early in the present month will appear the Trial of William Shakspeare for Deer-stealing, printed from the original M.S.

Among the earliest literary novelties of the season, will be a work of Fiction, from the pen of the Countess of Blessington.

Sir William Gell's valuable work on the Topography of Rome will be issued in the course of the present month ; the Map which will accompany it, has been made expressly for the work.

The Bride's Book, early in October, by the Editor of My Daughter's Book, &c. &c.